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FEBRUARY 22, 1971

TIME

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BACARDI light rum. Its subtle flavor makes it perfect for daiquiris, the Bacardi Cocktail, martinis, or with fruit juices, soda or tonic. Use Bacardi light rather than gin or vodka. *Daiquiri Recipe:* Squeeze ½ lime or lemon. Add ½ tsp. sugar, jigger of Bacardi, ice. Shake. (Or use daiquiri mix.) For the Bacardi Cocktail, add tsp. of grenadine.

BACARDI dark rum. Slightly more pronounced in flavor, yet smooth and mellow. Best for highballs, sours, rum & colas, Manhattans, eggnog, hot rum drinks, on-the-rocks, with water or your favorite mixer. Use Bacardi dark rather than whiskey. **BACARDI 151.** A very high proof rum. Enjoy it in exotic drinks like the Mai-Tai,

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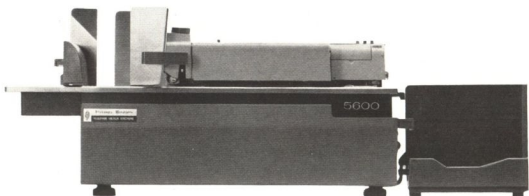
Which Bacardi for what?



BACARDI® rum—the mixable one

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France D. Milner

Like signing checks. (One meter acts like a mechanical hand, signing and endorsing checks.) So the accountant can keep his hands on his books.



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M.O.		
DIS.		
TOT.		

The check-signing meter can be adapted to imprint dates on invoices and incoming letters. So the poor over-

worked assistant doesn't have to do that menial job.

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SPECIMEN		00

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jam-up at the end of the day. And only one man has to man the fort. During office hours, only.

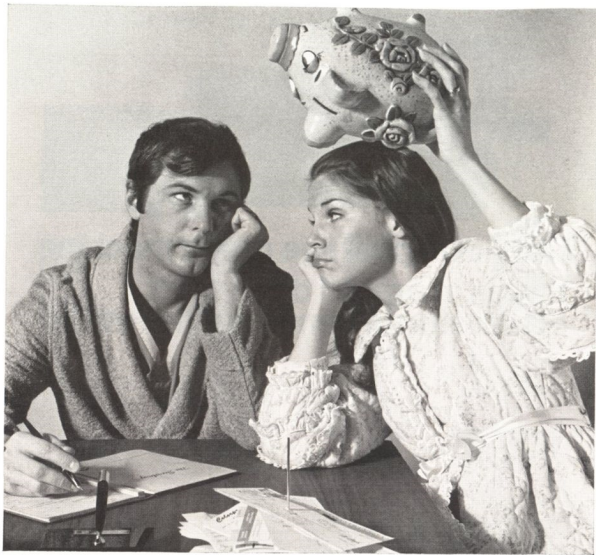


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And every year you wind up with a flock of unpaid bills and nothing extra in the savings account.

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Tell us how much you want to put in your savings account each month and the day you want it deposited.

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fer exactly the amount you specify from your LaSalle checking account to your savings account. And we keep on doing it until you tell us to stop.

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Month after month, the money piles up, automatically.

And, don't forget that once you have \$500 in savings at LaSalle you can write as many checks as you wish with never a service charge.

In 1971, keep your New Year's resolution to save money regularly. Sign up for the SAVE-O-MATIC Plan. Let LaSalle remember when you forget.

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New plants need water. So naturally, they tend to spring up where there's plenty of it around.

Like the Cleveland-Northeast Ohio area, for example, where Lake Erie offers a virtually inexhaustible supply of water requiring no treatment prior to industrial use.

It's easy to see why some 25 major chemical plants, using over 1/2 billion gallons of water a day, have already been built on the shores of Lake Erie.

Besides all the water, Cleveland-Northeast Ohio has plenty of land to go with it. All kinds of it for all kinds of industrial sites. Large and small. Suburban and rural.

Fact is, there are 53 major industrial parks waiting to show you over 5,000 acres for your plant site. All within easy reach of complete transportation facilities.

And if the water and land story doesn't convince you, then wait'll you hear about the location, manpower, transportation, research and development, and community living.

Send for your free copy of our new brochure, "Cleveland Growth Patterns." Write on your company letterhead to: Karl H. Rudolph, President, The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, 55 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.

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This is an expression of concern. A photographer's way of communicating his compassion for the loneliness of old age. With one photograph he has stated his entire message.

If you want to achieve this kind of impact you'll need a camera as responsive as your mind, as versatile as your inspirations. A camera that puts creativity before complexity.

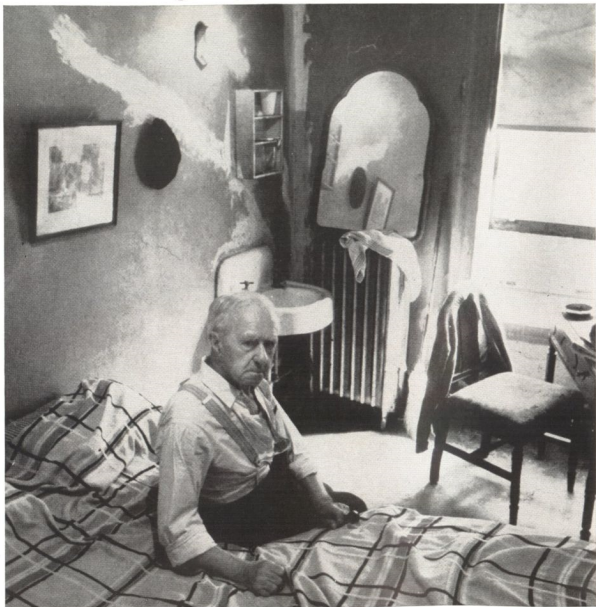
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Plus other components of the Nikon System, including bellows, slide-copying attachments and extension tubes.

And it sells for less than \$280 with 50mm f2 lens. See the Nikkormat FTN at your dealer, and ask him about the Nikon School. Or write for details. Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

The aged. A photographic comment.



Nikkormat. The beginning of your involvement.

Our oldest employee. Crotchety, lazy and completely devoted.



We're not quite sure when this Pinot Noir vine came to work for us.

Certainly before 1900.

Training it was a pain in the neck. (Your noble vines are always temperamental.)

And it's never produced many grapes.

But by golly, the grapes it does produce are just splendid.

So we put up with all the problems. Because when you're a premium winemaker, splendid is what you need.

You can make a sound wine with lesser grapes.

But Paul Masson's Pinot Noir is more than a sound wine. It's a fine wine.

You'll have to pay more for it, of course. Because premium grapes are scarce. Because of the small cooperage we use. And because we age our wine a long time before we'll let you buy it.

But at least you know where your money goes.

It's right there in the bottle.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

At 6:15 A.M., you're in no shape to tell the big hand from the little hand.

Just open your eyes and see the big numbers poking through the fog.

They're very comforting things to wake up to, our digital clock radios. Instead of hands to decipher at a time when you need all the help you can get, they give you nice clear numbers. That you don't have to see by the dawn's early light. Because they already have their own soft electric ones.

And they let you fall asleep to up to 60 minutes of music. And then wake up to more music. And if that isn't enough to get you up on time to see the time, there's an insistent buzzer that can take care of you.

Maybe you thought clock



radios were just something to wake you up. These are also something to listen to. With big dynamic speakers to go with the big numbers. And Solid-State devices so they keep going a long time.

The "Planada." Model RC-7589. (Pictured above.) Flip for the modern metallic design. And it'll swivel for you. And give you a "Sure-Awake" alarm that lullabys you to sleep through a pillow

speaker. And blasts you awake through the main speaker.

The "Cameron." Model RC-7469. Does everything the "Planada" does. But in a beautiful walnut cabinet. With big numbers, a little earphone and a "Sure-Awake" alarm.

The "Newdawn." Model RC-6530. Has the "Sure-Awake" alarm. And a 2-stage nitelight so it glows in the dark as brightly as you want.

The "Mornintone." Model RC-1280. For people who only listen to AM. But also want an earphone and a 2-stage nitelight.

See the new kind of clock radios today. At any Panasonic dealer. And tomorrow you won't have to worry which hand is bigger.



RC-6530



RC-7469



RC-1280

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200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about Digital Clock Radios.

One of the nice things about life in business is that you never know exactly what's going to happen next.



A little surprise now and then is what makes life interesting.

Sometimes, though, life can get almost too interesting. Some of those big surprises just aren't worth the worry they bring. Or the money they cost.

That's why we at the Idea Bank believe that one of our basic responsibilities as bankers is to help our customers plan for the future, while there's still time to plan.

To help our men fulfill that responsibility, we have a service called Financial Engineering. Like all our services, it is a resource which any of our officers can bring to bear on the problems of any of our customers.

Starting with historical data

and current financial information, the man who serves you can use our computer center to predict where your present plans will leave you, in a year or in five years. For example, he can look at your company's growth rate, and help you anticipate your future needs for working capital.

If the climate changes in your market, or your company moves in a new direction, he can make a new computer projection in a matter of minutes. He can even do it from your office, using your telephone to talk to our computer.

Most important of all, Financial Engineering lets our men help you use every bit of available information, to plan for

the future as intelligently as possible.

If you already bank with us, but aren't making use of Financial Engineering, ask your banker about it, the next time you talk to him.

If you don't bank with us, consider calling our man Phil Firrek, at 661-5896. He'll see that you get full information on how inexpensively Financial Engineering can help you avoid those nasty big surprises.

Then you can go back to work with the precious peace of mind you need to enjoy all the little ones.

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**YOU CAN'T RECAPTURE THE 1920'S
WITH JUST ONE PICTURE**



So **TIME LIFE BOOKS** has done it with 331 pictures like these



Ahead of her time. A too-daring bathing suit lands this protesting young lady in the arms of the law. Arrest took place in Chicago in 1922.



"A Ford Return to Coaching Days." That was the appeal of this 1927 Lincoln, built to resemble a horse-drawn coach of earlier days. But the price was far from old-fashioned: \$8,500.

"To Walk a Mile for a Camel"



Famous slogans like the one above abounded in ads of the 20's. Additional examples include "The pause that refreshes," "Quick, Henry, the Fill!" and "Good to the last drop." Like others, the latter slogan long outlived its creator: Theodore Roosevelt.



Prohibition brought out the ingenuity of Americans, who hid outlawed booze in everything from hollow canes to Russian boots.



Heyday of Sheiks. In sheet music (above), in movies, and on college campuses, the sheik was the idol of the day.

Examine Time-Life's dazzling album, **This Fabulous Century: 1920-1930**, free in your home for 10 days

In the 1920's there was no picture magazine called *Life* to capture and preserve the fads, fashions and fun of the time. But many of the photos, cartoons, ads and souvenirs that would have gone into such a magazine still exist—stored away in photo archives, library files, newspaper morgues and private collections.

To re-create this all-but-lost era, the editors of Time-Life Books have spent thousands of hours searching through hundreds of sources and carefully selecting the most eloquent moments of that wonderful, wacky time.

The pictures above offer just a few glimpses of the fascinating volume which has resulted. But these few pictures simply can't do justice to this captivating book. So we'd like to send you the whole book. (It's one of eight planned volumes which will permit Americans to relive, decade by decade *This Fabulous Century*.)

In this captivating album, you'll see a whole gallery of photos and other mementos of the Roaring Twenties—331 marvelously expressive

illustrations in all. You'll see college "sheiks" and "shebas"...sports heroes and literary giants...floppy pants and mini skirts...flagpole sitters and daredevil stunt fliers...early chain stores and ornate movie palaces.

And in the crisp captions and sparkling text, you'll read about the great Crash of 1929...Prohibition...the racketeers...the automobile revolution...early radio...the Jazz Age...the dance marathon...the Mah-Jongg craze...and more.

Enjoy this volume free for 10 days. Then return it if you wish. Or keep it and pay \$7.95, plus shipping and handling, and every other month thereafter we'll send you without obligation another volume in the eight-volume series. But you don't have to buy all eight volumes—each book is sent to you on approval, and you can cancel your subscription whenever you wish. To get the 1920's volume for free examination, just detach and mail the bound-in postpaid reply form. Or write Time-Life Books, Dept. 1501, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"Those wild dances." Four swingers, 1920's-style, do their thing in a Charleston contest.



The skulie was the badge of the college man. Here, it provides the accompaniment for some undergraduate harmony.

- 288 pages, 9 1/2" x 11 1/2" page size
- 331 pictures—many in color
- Hardbound in patterned cloth; gold-stamped spine



Eight glorious volumes span "This Fabulous Century"



- 1870-1900 Prelude
- 1900-1910 "In My Merry Oldsmobile"
- 1910-1920 "Don't Be a Slacker!"
- 1920-1930 "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"
- 1930-1940 The Party's Over
- 1940-1950 War and its Aftermath
- 1950-1960 The Age of Space
- 1960-1970 "Do Your Own Thing"

THE FABLES AND FOIBLES OF NUMBER ONE

In 1923 nobody knew anything about renting cars.
Including John Hertz.

© Hertz System, Inc. 1971



NO one knows exactly how John Hertz stumbled into the rent a car business.

Some say he had a vision. Others say he may have been mad. And, indeed, he did seem obsessed with the automobile.

First it was taxicabs and buses. He owned fleets of them.

But they didn't make him happy.

"What if people want to drive themselves?" he said one day. "What good are my cabs and buses then?"

The next day, they say, Hertz Drive-Ur-Self began.

Of course, in those days renting cars wasn't easy. It was like a wilderness that needed taming.

John Hertz knew he'd make mistakes. And in the years to come, they

say he made some whoppers.

But from each mistake he learned.

Today Hertz is the number 1 rent a car company in the world. Because, unlike other rent a car companies, our big mistakes are behind us.

They belong to an era when there was no Avis, no National.

Just a man with a dream.

And a few Fords to rent.

YOU DON'T JUST RENT A CAR · YOU RENT A COMPANY

LETTERS

Casual Acceptance

Sir: My initial feelings of horror and repulsion at the sight of the grinning soldier displaying his trophies of war [Feb. 1] were soon overcome by acceptance; is there really a difference between head counts and body counts? The casual presentation of such carnage cannot help but breed casual acceptance of such atrocities.

(MRS.) SUSAN H. HYDE
Great Neck, N.Y.

Sir: Do we need any more proof that the world is indeed mad?

ROBERT E. FERGUSON
JEFFREY S. NINTZEL
Hanover, N.H.

Sir: The insipid grin of degenerate pride in achievement on the face of the Cambodian soldier further illustrates the mindless futility of our involvement in Indochina.

Copies of the picture should be placed on the desk of every Government official with a mind and voice regarding the war.

JANET P. SOENEN
Woodridge, Ill.

Sir: As shocking and grisly as the pictures are, you've performed a service by showing them if they inspire a few comfortable patriots to second thoughts about the nobility of war and about the values of a nation that cannot even play the national anthem at the end of a day's television without showing uniformed soldiers marching and bombs bursting in air. Maybe some day patriotism will no longer be synonymous with militarism, and young men won't have to prove their love of their own country by taking over someone else's homeland.

PATRICIA JOHNSON
San Diego

Sir: Your taste and good sense are up for scrutiny; in fact, TIME, I think you blew it.

MRS. GORDON V. TOLLEFSON
Seattle

Sir: You will receive many letters scolding you for publishing the picture of the happy Cambodian soldier. Don't change. We are all too ready to forget the most gruesome details of war. They should be held up to us as reminders, high as severed heads.

HOWARD C. WOLFE
Los Angeles

Sir: Is it not ironic that Robert van Leer's description of the Viet Cong torture of an American soldier is precisely the same as the mode of torture (a cage of starving rats placed over a person's head) described in Orwell's 1984?

JAMES McDOWALL
Charleston, Ill.

No More Heroes

Sir: In recent memory, no article has angered me more than "J.F.K. Revised" [Feb. 1].

The epic displays of Monday-morning quarterbacking are, unfortunately, barometers of our current paranoid scene. Why blame the Kennedy myth on Kennedy? The American people created the myth. It was the last thing we did as a whole.

I have ceased to have heroes. They're hard to find, especially in government. However, I remember those few years when my generation and the nation in general allowed itself to feel more hopeful than hopeless, the violent minority was a minority, and we believed that this nation could be on its way to better things.

NORMAN GERSHON
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Jack Kennedy may have been daring, but foolhardy he was not. He may have been pragmatic, but he was never a cynic. He did not make a totem pole of his mistakes. The trouble with Jack Kennedy's inaugural address is that he had so little time to attempt to put it into practice and that we Americans have so little personal interest in picking up and carrying on his challenge of excellence, humanity and peace.

JAMES E. SULLIVAN
Barre, Mass.

Sir: The fact that a student editor wept when Kennedy was killed and now calls him a pig indicates only that deeply felt convictions change as easily as skirt lengths, lapel widths, etc., . . . and are about as significant.

JOHN D. HARCOURT JR.
Tempe, Ariz.

Price of Sincerity

Sir: After reading your splendid article on the Berrigan brothers and their inner circle [Jan. 25], I am convinced that they are serious and sincere about what they are doing. It is the way they are doing it that is frightening.

Going back in history, one finds that sincerity expressed in violence has almost always been costly in human lives. The Crusaders, the Inquisitors, the Jacobins and the Bolsheviks were all sincere about their respective causes. They all claimed to obey "higher laws" to the utter disregard of existing "earthly" morality and disrespect for human life, which they had set out to improve. The method by which a cause is advanced is the more important factor. Indeed, in a democratic system "the method is the message."

Unfortunately, the number of violent prophets a society can absorb with impunity is limited.

J. FLEDEL BECK
Newton, Mass.

Sir: I am mistakenly reported as having quoted Father Daniel Berrigan speculating that "bombing wasn't necessarily violent if you didn't hurt anybody." Although the article continues to express certain reservations on Father Berrigan's part, I fear that the quote may be grossly misinterpreted.

May I categorically state that I recall no discussion on this topic with Father Berrigan and consequently could never have reported such a conclusion to anyone. Father Berrigan's long commitment to non-violence, as well as that of the movement that he represents, is reflected in his recent message to the Weathermen.

PAUL MAYER
East Orange, N.J.

Sir: TIME's cover picture completely distorts the image of the Berrigan brothers. They are determined men, but they are not grim.

The brothers have the same gay gallant-

ry that characterized the early Jesuit martyrs in the days of England's Queen Elizabeth I. They quicken the lives of today's tired Christians with a straightforward Christianity expressed with courage.

HAROLD BUTCHER
Santa Fe

Sir: It seems Father Daniel Berrigan has added to St. Ignatius' mission for the Society of Jesus to "preach, teach and raise hell."

J.A. CONSEDINE
Fort Buckner, Okinawa

Sir: The legal guilt or innocence of the brothers Berrigan is academic when viewed in the light of their actions, past and allegedly planned. They and their ilk conveniently overlook an unarguable fact: a war requires at least two belligerents. They would overcome the American belligerent in the instant case with bellicose benediction. What about the other side? Will the radical peace warriors in their holy hell-raising bomb and bloody the conscription records of Hanoi, Moscow, Pyongyang and Peking?

ROBERT M. CARR JR.
Fort McPherson, Ga.

To Whose Glory?

Sir: Cardinal Villot's lax concern about the population explosion [Feb. 1] is the reflection of the most serious shortcoming of the Judeo-Christian belief, namely that it is legitimate for humans to ruthlessly exploit the animal and plant kingdoms presumably to increase the glory of the Lord. What makes Cardinal Villot and his followers think that a cheetah or a dolphin or a sequoia is less of a glory of God than the products of overpopulation: wars, crimes,

MOVING?

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drug addiction? Of what avail is freedom if there is no clear water, clean air, forests and no wildlife? Where then can future generations be free, and whose glory will they sing?

B.J. SOLAK
Secane, Pa.

Sir: Such difficult decisions we are facing these days. Cardinal Villot accuses birth control advocates of pressuring people by offering transistor radios and other gifts. But his offer is much more difficult to refuse—eternal life.

So we must choose—hell now and heaven later? Or vice versa?

ELLEN ALCOCK
Copenhagen

Sir: Bravo Pope Paul! Pope John only contemplated papal fallibility. Pope Paul is proving it.

PHILIP A. HOUCK
Fairfield, Conn.

Money's Worth

Sir: The entire revenue-sharing issue [Feb. 1] is nothing but politics. President Nixon is fully aware that the Congress will not go for it; Wilbur Mills self-righteously feels that if he raises the money, he ought to spend it.

The solution to the problem is so simple that it is obvious that no one in Washington is serious about the whole thing. All that need be done is for the Congress to lower federal taxes by the \$16 billion recommended and permit the states to raise that amount for themselves. And the man who is paying for all this, the lowly taxpayer, might in at least one instance get his money's worth.

GLORIA COLEMAN
Lafayette, Calif.

Gentleman Detective

Sir: Along with TIME Book Reviewer Martha Duffy, I deplore the apparent demise of the English gentleman-detective [Feb. 1]. But I must rebut her dismissal of Dame Agatha's prose as more "careless" than Miss Allingham's. Christie people are somehow believable people whom one has met before—for good or ill.

Now it is true that Miss Marple and M. Poirot are getting very old. We face the fact courageously that they may die. But a lot of us will take heart in knowing that Agatha Christie's people, plots and somewhat "careless" prose will remain.

CHARLES I. SHADE
Manager, Investigation Division
Pendleton Detectives of Mississippi, Inc.
Jackson, Miss.

Muddy Blouse Victory

Sir: I have spent over ten years trying to unravel the mystery of muddy-bloused Ulysses Grant's victory over the impeccable Robert E. Lee. Thanks for providing the answer: it was the Sukhomlinov Effect [Feb. 1], of course.

VINCENT J. COPPOLA
Houston

Sir: In connection with your short, charming little article on "the Sukhomlinov Effect," I would like to suggest that all military dress uniforms be eliminated. Not only would we enhance our chance of winning wars in the future, but think of all the tax money that would not be wasted. And perhaps if we eliminate some of the glittering glories and unnecessary pageantry of

the full-dress parade, more people might be able to see through to what war really is. For the sake of humanity, let us at least consider such a proposal.

RONALD P. STAUFFER
Roaring Spring, Pa.

Play of Six-Year-Olds

Sir: Re "New Congress v. Nixon" [Feb. 1]: Good grief! If Time is telling us the truth, my worst fears have been confirmed. Your article paints the U.S. Congress as nothing but a squabbling group of selfish six-year-olds playing king-of-the-hill and to hell with the public interest.

Has our supposedly democratic "government of the people, by the people, for the people" really degenerated to this disgusting level? Can we survive despite it?

(MRS.) KATHY NEWMAN
Milwaukee

Too Many Points

Sir: Of the two Swedish match labels pictured as offensive to the Libyan government [Feb. 1], only one has six-pointed symbols similar to the Israeli star, while the other has seven-pointed symbols similar to the star of the Jordanian flag.

OLOF WIK
Lerum, Sweden

► The seven-pointed three-star emblem that mistakenly crept in the layout was actually designed by the Swedish Match Company especially for the Arab world.

Black Africa

Sir: Your article "Black Africa a Decade Later" [Feb. 1] is nothing but one of those attempts to undermine and ridicule a people whose wisdom, resources and manpower have been savagely exploited by the empires of the Western world.

Granted, Black Africa has not become in ten years of independence what Western Europe and America have become after centuries of transition. Black Africa has progressed despite intricate problems, irresponsible and irresponsible "neighbors" and exogenously calculated attempts to undermine and cripple her.

LAWSON ALOOZIE AKPULONU
Chicago

Sir: It was heartwarming to read the account of Black Africa. For those of us who love Africa, even the small successes are to be cheered. And the large ones will come. They will come.

DALE L. SODERBERG
Hamilton, N.Y.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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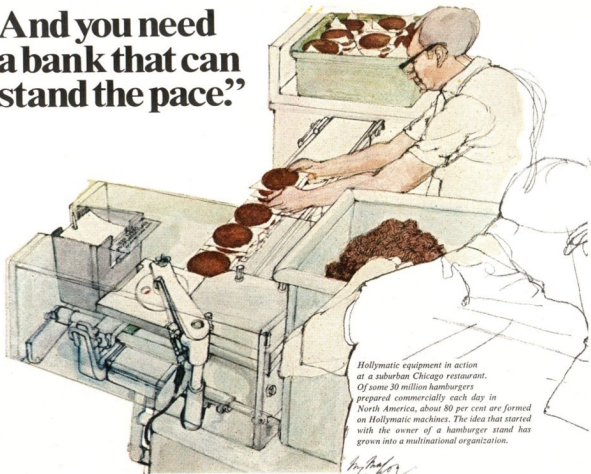
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THE COOLING OF AMERICA

A SPECIAL SECTION

A beat. A pause. The bomb that arced over the wall lies there unexploded, past its fuse-time, possibly dead. Something has happened in American life—or has failed to happen. In dead winter, 1971, after months of recession, a decade of war abroad and domestic violence, a mood approaching quiet has fallen like a deep snow.

How permanent or transitory is the change remains mysterious. It could be merely temporary calm induced by fatigue or a bit of boredom or even by winter weather. But the change seems more complex than that and therefore more profound. To the extent that an American psychology exists, it has, in nearly all its troubled compartments, undergone numerous and sometimes subtle transformations, as is shown by reports from TIME correspondents on the following pages.

The calm carries little serenity with it, which may be just as well. Instead, it suggests a complex of rather sober fears; of joblessness, of radical violence, of counterviolence from the government. There is a chastened air. A decade of almost amphetamine economic growth culminates in a recession that, although relatively mild in historical terms, has thrown the fear of wolves into the most resolutely buoyant consumer. Simultaneously, even the most heedless slob in a throwaway society begins to understand that his cans and bottles and poisoned gases are piling up in a fatal glut.

As the '60s tested the upper reaches of production and

consumption, they opened up new territories of violence. The war would not end. For all the professed incredulity about it, the My Lai massacre has dripped acids onto the nation's conviction of its own innocence. At home, the Sharon Tate murders were so incomprehensible as to excite a stunned awe at what orgies of violence are possible. In the presence of such insanities, many Americans have grown introspective. It is a reaction built on residues of abhorrence going back through sad, internal video tapes to Nov. 22, 1963. Americans seem to be convincingly sick of violence.

Such a weariness—and much more—accounts for the profound hibernation of the radical movement in the U.S. The students who closed down scores of campuses after Kent State and the Cambodian invasion last spring scarcely stirred at the current South Vietnamese expedition into Laos. Only last summer dynamite seemed the shock wave of the future.

Inglorious War. Some argue that "the revolution" in the U.S. is dead. As a cultural influence, however, the movement is still alive and pervasive. The music, language, mores and styles of what used to be known as radical culture have changed and enlivened the country.

The present pause should not, however, obscure the fact that some fundamental assumptions have been altered: the national opinion of a war, the nation's draft policies, attitudes toward pollution and ecology. Today elders as well as the young know that many things are profoundly wrong. Warfare is widely seen as inglorious. There is a growing public, if not yet legal tolerance for marijuana. Still, like England's 19th century Chartists, the radicals are seeing the larger society adopt and subsume much of their revolution. "Co-optation" is an infuriating and unsatisfactory denouement for the revolutionary. The Chief of Naval Operations grows sideburns: the war goes on. Yet drastically changed public attitudes prove that not all of the co-optation has been merely decorative.

Healing Glimpse. Undoubtedly the Nixon Administration has contributed to the new, calmer mood, both by commission and omission. The cautious withdrawal from Viet Nam has largely disarmed the antiwar movement. "Repression," real or imagined, has also stilled a lot of dissent. For all their unfairness, Spiro Agnew's attacks on the press have made many practitioners in journalism and TV a little more cautious about playing up news of dissent. The election results of last fall had a healing effect, for they gave the nation a glimpse of itself, in the kinds of candidates it accepted and rejected, and a notion of its intelligent continuation.

On both sides, there has been a drawing back from anarchy and violence. As much as anything, Americans seem now to be seeking public limits and a private equilibrium, to be answering David Riesman's complaint: "Why are we so evangelical? Why do we not have a happier sense of the ordinary, of dailiness?" Americans have the vanity of thinking that the U.S. must be either the best country or the worst country. There is something reassuring and necessary in the acknowledgment that it is neither.

Many Americans have simply grown more realistic about their own problems. Thus crime is as bad as ever, but the outcry for law and order is not so hysterical as before. The cities, the courts, the welfare systems are still crippling along; yet there now seems to be a broad and pragmatic demand for reform.

The overwhelming response to the new atmosphere must be relief. Yet something will have been lost with yesterday's turbulence if all the urgent pressures for change are allowed to be dissipated. Most of the trouble that breeds violence is still there; the absence of more spectacular political violence can only be considered a period of grace. The great loss will be if nothing is done with that grace, such as it is. The present pause is certainly no reason for thinking that some tranquility from the middle years of Eisenhower's Administration has magically descended. Rather, it is an opportunity for America to get on with the much-delayed business of rebuilding itself.

The Radicals: Time Out to Retrench

There is no way of fixing the precise moment at which the radical left decided to pause in its headlong pursuit of the apocalypse, but the reason for the halt was clear enough: nothing was working right; it was time to retrench, reassess.

For the extremists, the first signal illumination came in the explosion last March that ripped up a Weatherman bomb factory in Manhattan, killing three members of the group. Weatherman activity declined, and then, early in December, fugitive Bernardine Dohrn, one of the group's leaders, issued a manifesto that was at once a critique of past mistakes and a manual for future strategy.

The document, titled "New Morning—Changing Weather," declared that "the future of our revolution has been changed decisively." The March explosion "forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle. It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference."

For radicals, it was a new political awakening. The bomb-ers had at last learned what millions of angry Americans had known all along—that the Weatherman was little more than an underground collective of grimly moralistic Bonnies and Clydes. Analyzing Weatherman tactics in a forthcoming *Ramparts* article, writer David Horowitz observes that the terrorists overlooked the political consequences of their deeds; karma was their trip. Revolution had almost ceased to be a strategy of social change and

had become instead its own justification, a cult, "a yoga of perfection." The result was that the Weatherman had lost, not gained ground for the movement. Their self-styled revolutionary vanguard had far outdistanced and alienated virtually all branches of the moderate and radical left.

It is likely that the final nudge toward at least a temporary renunciation of Weatherman violence came from Radical Priest Daniel Berrigan. Last August, three days before he was arrested, Berrigan sent the outlaw band a brotherly and eloquent admonition, warning that "no principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human being." Revolution is only "interesting" insofar as it "avoids like the plague the plague it promised to heal." Berrigan urged the Weatherman to "do only that which one cannot not do," and reminded them that "the history of the movement in the last years, it seems to me, shows how constantly and easily we are seduced by violence, not only as a method but as to an end in itself. With very little politics, very little ethics, very little direction and only a minimum of moral sense, if any at all, it might lead one to conclude in despair: the movement is debased beyond recognition. I can't be part of it."

It is not only revulsion over mindless bombing that has dampened the passion of the left. A pervasive fog of fatigue, fear and frustration has settled over the barricades. Radicals still insist that "repression" is everywhere, and as evidence they cite drug arrests, expulsions from schools and conspiracy trials. The arrest of the Berrigan brothers, says Harvard *Crimson* staffer David Landau, looms as the newest example "of what the Government is prepared to do to kill the antiwar movement."

Confrontation politics, an acceptable tactic for those who shun terrorism, had become as American as Mom (partly because some Moms participated too). But for many, the vibrations are now gone. Radical Law Student Ted Siff of the University of Texas says the feeling is, "Why try at all if all you are going to do is maybe get busted and bring on the far right?" The sweeping and angry protests of the Cambodian spring, the resolute demands and plans for restructuring the universities, and the energies expended on getting out the vote—all such events are viewed, despite some evidence to the contrary, as having been unproductive. "You work your ass off for years," complains Mark Knops, an underground-newspaper editor, "and nothing comes of it."

Similarly, while many Americans may be willing to accept the argument that renewed U.S. military activity in Indochina is a protective and not an offensive strategy, the radicals are only further convinced that the Nixon Administration dissembles while the earth trembles. The President's recent appropriation of phrases like "a new American revolution" and "power to the people" only serves to confirm Herbert Marcuse's thesis of "repressive tolerance": it reminds the radical left of its own impotence at the same time that the Administration co-opts revolutionary themes.

Radical Prophet Marcuse concedes that he did not foresee the extent to which the "preventive counter-revolution" has blunted the movement. Says Marcuse, in February's *Psychology Today*: "It is becoming increasingly costly to use forms of confrontation which were still possible a year ago. What is required is a wholesale re-examination of the strategy of the movement."

That re-examination is already well under way, and it is producing surprising and in many cases familiar trends. Everywhere along the radical circuit the same refrains are echoed: "We're getting our heads straight"; "We're getting our stuff together"; "We're getting into radical theory." Organizational work is approaching organic proportions: Marxist groups, Maoist groups, Trotskyite groups, socialist groups and plain old American-style Communist groups are all flourishing. Old Left intellectualism has been reborn, mainly in the form of the Young Socialist Alliance, with thanks to a helping hand from J. Edgar Hoover, who

"TOWARD PUBLIC LIMITS & PRIVATE EQUILIBRIUM"



labeled the 5,000-member Y.S.A. "the largest and best-organized youth group in left-wing radicalism."

While tactics may differ, the aim of virtually all the groups is the same: having accepted at last the dictum that it cannot win the hearts and minds of people through violence, the movement hopes to radicalize the population through organization and political education. In Berkeley, for example, radicals are putting up a slate for mayor and city councilmen in the spring elections. Members of this "April Coalition" have already succeeded in placing on the ballot a measure that would decentralize police powers and give them over to neighborhoods within the community. Another, even more old-fashioned radical activity is organizing workers. Coming to terms with this necessity has caused a good deal of pain among many young radicals since, as one of them puts it, "workers tend to have the lowest pig values."

What is most significant about the new direction of the political movement is that it is pursuing its goals within the mainstream of the more general cultural revolution of the young. At the same time that radicals are rebuilding their political structure, they are breaking into small groups, living in communes, "relating to each other"—in short, trying to live their revolution instead of making it. Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation are increasingly active elements in the movement. In a way, the intermingling of cultural and political drives has provided a strength and energy to the movement that it never had before.

This does not mean that America has seen the last of revolutionary violence. The movement has always been characterized by uppers and downers, and this spring may bring more uppers than anybody cares to see. Radical Renée Davis, for example, is organizing a mass demonstration aimed at strangling highway traffic near the Pentagon on May 6. There are unquestionably many people, both in and out of the Weatherman faction, who still believe that the way to salvation is a pipe bomb and a fuse. Trashing is still considered a reliable tactic in many radical quarters, as is "selective" violence.

Still, thoughtful radicals now see that the time has come to redefine what they mean by revolution. For too many, the word had come to mean mere game playing on the barricades. Author Paul Jacobs, 52, whose credentials as a professional radical stretch back into the 1930s, recalls that in his bloody early days of head bashing and worse, "we did not delude ourselves by thinking that vi-

olence per se was a noble act. We understood the nature of violence. It may have to be used, but we need to understand what it does to those who use the violence as well as to those upon whom it is used."

There is, moreover, a realization that what a Marxist would call the "objective conditions" required to achieve revolution in its classic sense simply do not exist in America. This conviction partly explains the movement's new directions. The radical organizers are persuading themselves and their fragmented followers that their "revolution," regardless of past confusions, requires steady heads, hard work and an end to the anti-intellectual dilettantism. As its best leaders know, the movement's only hope lies not in armed struggle but in concerted political and economic action.

"If there's something called a revolution in the U.S.," says Leftist Historian Howard Zinn, "it will not be a quick palace revolution but a long-term one, a deep-going one, not in one city like Washington but all over the country at once—in revolutionizing the way people live day to day and the way they relate to one another." That, of course, is not revolution at all in the true historic meaning of the term, but a slow drive for radical change by traditional means.

■ Jesse Birnbaum

The Recantations of a Reformed Berkeley Bomber

For more than a decade, young radicals have seized brief, Warholesque fame with bullhorns and sometimes with their bodies. Many of them have now disappeared into a reclusive existence at home or exile abroad. Consider: Mark Rudd underground with the Weatherman. Stokely Carmichael in self-imposed exile in Guinea. Fiery Berkeley Communist Bettina Aptheker in a house in San Jose to rear her child and write a book. Former S.D.S. President Carl Oglesby writing songs on a Vermont farm and lecturing at M.I.T. John Lewis, S.N.C.C. co-founder who once promised to sweep the civil rights movement "through the South the way Sherman did," is directing voter education in the South. Mario Savio is established in Berkeley, the city he shook in 1964 and now wants to lead as mayor.

Among the radicals who once fleetingly held center stage is Anthony Tankersley, a former Berkeley graduate student convicted of the Sept. 1, 1968, terrorist bombing of a Pacific Gas & Electric Co. high-tension tower. Tankersley, the son of a Navy officer, then fled to join the U.S. expatriate community in Canada. For 18 months, Tankersley and his wife Susan re-examined their political philosophy. As a result, last February he turned himself in to federal authorities as his own "statement against violence" and is now serving a one- to five-year sentence in a California prison. From his cell, Tankersley talked to TIME's Chris Anderson about the making and unmaking of a violent revolutionary:

In 1966 Tony Tankersley was just beginning his graduate studies when he discovered political activism: "At first I mixed with a loose-knit group of Old Lefties and Black Panthers, but it did not take long for me to make the transition to the hip radical world—a world I could identify with." His first encounter with the New Left came during the Oakland Induction Center riots of 1967, when he "saw the brutality perpetrated against the demonstrators and thought it unjust. It was then that I began seeing myself as a violent revolutionary." From a follower to a leader was a short step: he helped organize an antidraft

"A TIME TO GO OUT INTO THE AIR"



Right On Toward a New Black Pluralism

So tranquil, so quiescent seems Black America in the Nixon Era that a presidential partisan could well argue that "benign neglect" has worked. The ghettos have, by and large, endured quiet summers. The rhetoric of black militants seems to have cooled. In a variety of ways, in increasing numbers, blacks are cracking the system—slowly, no doubt, but making it nevertheless.

It is difficult for traditional civil rights liberals to admit that the Administration's policy—or non-policy—toward black Americans possesses any saving virtues at all. Yet the Nixon stance by its very neglect, its lowering of expectations, may have contributed to forcing the black movement both in

demonstration in April 1968. It was "a pathetic flop. I felt impotent and very militant. I joined a commune; I cut off ties with moderates, liberals, anyone who didn't agree with me totally. It's so easy to resign yourself to violence as the only effective way to combat a system you conceive to be fascist. Once you're committed to violence, you reinforce your own militance by shutting off all other viewpoints. You won't hear other people; you can't hear other people. The ties you establish with fellow revolutionaries bind your mind to the ethic of violence. By the time fall rolled around, I was ready to take violent action."

Tankersley dynamited the 60-ft. tower, then abandoned a cache of explosives just ahead of the police and made his way to Montreal. There, as a fugitive, he began to re-think his political role: "I was far enough away from the movement to reflect on my own actions without interruption. Nobody was there to remind me whom I could talk to and whom I couldn't. I drew on liberal ideas and conservative ideas and found that I didn't know everything. I had been wasting all of my energy figuring out how to destroy, when I could have been getting something good and tangible accomplished."

After months came an abrupt turn away from violence: "I began seeing the hypocrisy throughout the entire radical scene. I saw the same people who said they were fighting for a humane society accept violence without question. Radicals have accomplished the impossible: they have successfully separated the concept of violence from the idea of hurting people. I'm sure if Bonnie and Clyde were alive today, they'd have a poster of Che on their wall. Death and blood are no longer words that convey human suffering; they are potent political battle cries. Had I kept going, I am sure I would have killed somebody."

What about the future of violent protest? "Bernardine Dohrn and the others on the top of the terrorist heap can only be moved to reconsider the role of violence if they are convinced it is tactically counterproductive. Violence is just a tool for them, and they use it when they think it is necessary. They might think the use of that tool is alienating people now, but I assure you that restraint is a very temporary thing. I'm sure it's going to get worse. The gap is still too big. There is no communication between the stable, experienced people and the younger people who have no experience to lean on. There is so little passage of knowledge and awareness."

Although he could have stayed in Canada, reasonably secure from imprisonment, he chose to return. For Tankersley, return has been a "rebirth. I feel freer now in prison than I did when I was a radical."

on itself and outward along new paths. Following the legal civil rights victories of the past two decades, blacks would have struck out in those directions anyway; the deaf ear in Washington simply accelerated their push into the political and economic arena, where they are rapidly learning how to use the system for—and occasionally against—themselves. Indeed, the movement today may well be more confident, more pragmatic, more tough-minded and more sophisticated than ever before. "There is a much more fundamental appreciation of the meaning and uses of power," says Dr. James Cheek, president of Howard University.

At a conference in Atlanta last fall, the Urban League's Whitney Young and Newark Poet Imam Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones), once far apart in their approach to the black push for equality, found themselves in agreement that the key to quick progress lay in the election of as many blacks as possible to political office—that is, access to political power. The results of that thrust have already begun to show. The House of Representatives now has twelve black members v. nine in the 91st Congress, still a tiny number, but not negligible; the twelve boycotted the President's State of the Union message to dramatize their unhappiness at Richard Nixon's refusal to meet with them. For the first time in this century, black representatives sit under the Confederate flags of the Alabama and South Carolina statehouses; in Delaware's House, a black delegate sometimes answers roll call with a clenched fist. Blacks run Greene County, Ala. (TIME, Feb. 1), as well as 64 of the nation's cities.

There were but a few hundred black elected officials throughout the country in 1965; there are 1,771 now—and the black electorate has only begun to assert its strength. Local leadership is growing everywhere in conflict over local issues; in the virtually all-black central area of Brooklyn, black citizen security patrols roam at night because residents feel the police are doing a poor job. "We will have order in this community, one way or another," says a local leader.

But despite the political gains, despite the black push into white-collar jobs, despite more black visibility on television, despite those blacks who have moved onto the boards of major corporations, not enough has been achieved. Beneath the surface seethe continued frustration, withdrawal, anger and alienation, even disgust with the very system blacks are trying to use to their advantage ("It takes your soul and it gives you a color TV set in return"). Educated black men and women may indeed never have had a better opportunity to get a piece of the action, but poverty, despair, hopelessness still haunt the nation's ghettos; all too many black Americans remain preoccupied with sheer survival. In fact, the gap between white and black family income overall continues to widen, despite remarkable gains by educated urban black families in the North and West. "How can people be uptight about the war and things like that when they have to worry about heat and hot water?" asks New York Congressman Charles Rangel.

The recession has not helped. The unemployment rate for blacks (9.5%) is almost twice as large as for whites (5.6%). For young blacks between the ages of 16 and 22 it approaches 40%, nearly three times as high as for their white peers, and that does not count those who, in total despair, have dropped out of the search for work altogether. Job programs have been cut, housing remains dismal, education still fails to motivate.

Blacks look to Washington and see nothing to encourage them. "This Administration is more insensitive than any Administration in recent times," laments Historian John Hope Franklin. "One would have thought that—aside from their particular private racial views—a group of political leaders as cold and hard-boiled as they are would have been more responsive." Indeed, many blacks believe that last year's police raids against the Black Panthers mirror the Administration's real feelings. "If it can happen to them, it can happen to me."

The Nixonian play on Middle America's fears, perhaps

best expressed in the November campaign, helped fuse black solidarity. The campaign ignored blacks, but in its stress on law-and-order, many blacks read a code for white fear of black crime, thus an anti-black slur. It encouraged a general turning inward that was already under way, creating a greater tolerance among blacks for other blacks' views and strategies. Integration—in the sense of accepting white values to the point where all black identity fades—is clearly no longer the immediate goal, not even for middle-class blacks who might once have aspired to it.

The operative word today is "liberation"—a push for an open, pluralistic society in which blacks can take their rightful place alongside other ethnic groups, a society in which, as New York State Senator Waldaba Stewart puts it, "you get yours and I get mine." What seems black separatism, such as the kind of self-imposed *apartheid* prevalent on many college campuses, is a temporary stage, a step in the march toward pluralism. Black college students are probably still in the van of the turning-inward movement, of going back to black roots, of finding comfort and security in blackness. Says one Columbia student: "The notion is not to get killed and not to be exploited."

Separatist trends are possibly much harsher among even younger blacks. Racial tensions infest all too many high schools (as well as the armed forces); a segment of young blacks has become totally alienated from America, even from other blacks. Many of the kids, says Dan Watts, editor and publisher of *Liberator* magazine, "are a lot more married to the Third World." Moreover, they "are not talking about what happens tomorrow. They couldn't care less." Their anger is cold; they cynically, knowingly, discuss "the system" and its inequities.

There is a potential for violent explosion among these young, although no one will even take a guess at how profoundly embedded their rage is or how it might show in a sudden crisis. Conventional wisdom today has it that Watts and Newark and Detroit are not likely to happen again because they were pyrrhic, whatever their short-term value in bringing home to white America the depths of black despair. True, the riots were never part of a black revolutionary strategy as such; they grew out of combustible situations in which frustration finally vented itself, almost incoherently. Because that frustration is still a major facet of black life, similar emotional eruptions cannot be ruled out in the future. Still, the major thrust remains the effort to carve out a healthy black share in a pluralistic society.

"THE NOTION IS NOT TO BE EXPLOITED"



Out of it all, somehow, black-white relations seem to have emerged somewhat more honest—if also more abrasive. "I don't think that we will ever wake up one morning and find black folks and white folks loving each other," says Isaac Williams, N.A.A.C.P. field secretary for South Carolina. "But then you don't have to love the man to get along with him." Or, as Editor Watts puts it more sarcastically, speaking of this stage in the struggle for full equality in the U.S.: "Perhaps blacks and whites deserve each other."

■ Karsten Proger

The Students: All Quiet on the Campus Front

The school year is half over, and once again the young are pursuing their vocation of confounding the old.

After six years of mounting campus turmoil, students seem suddenly to have reverted to a quiet, private style of life. Instead of taking over, they are taking in their classes; instead of raging in the streets to protest national issues, they toil on committees studying campus problems. The abrasive cant of radicals is scarcely to be heard. Such square fads as booze, early Beatle records and card playing are making something of a comeback. It is not a throwback to the silent '50s. As the demonstrations against the Laos invasion by South Vietnam forces last week showed, the students have by no means shed their deep concerns about the war—or poverty and the environment. Yale President Kingman Brewster calls the new mood an "eerie tranquility."

The reasons for the calm atmosphere perplex educators and vary from campus to campus. But certainly the May strikes gave students and faculty a nightmarish perception of chaos. Says Albert Hastorf, the Stanford dean of humanities and sciences: "People got scared. In the 'feel-not-think' philosophy they saw their world coming to an end. This fall the point of many lectures has been that thinking is not necessarily an ally of fascism." On the contrary, it is realized here and there that non-thinking and anti-intellectualism are the real allies of totalitarianism. The Kent and Jackson State killings on one hand, and the wanton bombings by urban guerrillas on the other, have instilled in students a profound fear of repression and violence. One of the few clear trends on all campuses is a re-dedication to a Gandhi-like philosophy of nonviolence. Yale's Brewster says: "It is much more clearly recognized that Weatherman beget Minutemen."

Additionally, mass demonstration as a tactic to bring about political change has worn thin. Students are not only weary of tear gas and nightsticks, but have recognized that mobs, however idealistic, can easily be manipulated by small minorities on both sides of the issues. They are now asserting their independence and privately searching for new tactics.

Large numbers are alienated from the present political patterns. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that all the effort and idealism they have expended on such issues as the war and racism have had little impact on Washington. Neither party, in their view, has the fortitude to meet head-on the country's serious issues. A recent Harris poll indicated that an extraordinary 26% either would refuse to vote or would not cast their ballot for candidates of the established parties.

The slack in the economy has also left its mark. Even in



"BOOZE, EARLY BEATLES & EERIE TRANQUILITY"

the elite schools, the fear of not finding a job this June runs high. Among seniors in liberal arts, this fear verges on panic. IBM, for example, plans to hire fewer than 50 humanities majors out of the 500 students it intends to recruit this year. Because of the general belt tightening in education, graduate students face similar bleak prospects. One future Harvard Ph.D. in English sent résumés to 108 colleges, was interviewed by only eleven, and received one offer—from the American University in Beirut.

Appointments to stay on are only brief respites; chances for tenure are slim. "They were quite blunt about it," says a young Harvard Ph.D. who was recently awarded an assistant professorship. "They said my appointment was as terminal as cancer." The result is bitterness toward the System. "I personally feel sold out," concludes Tom Lifson, 23, a sometime antiwar organizer now studying for a Ph.D. "All this time we were told how important it was for us to go to graduate school and how much we could do for ourselves and the country."

The effects of the new mood are unmistakable. Students are studying with unfamiliar zeal. "The undergraduates are not only doing all the assigned readings, they're even doing the supplementary reading," notes Amherst Political Science Professor Hadley Arkes. "It's fun to teach again," says Wisconsin Professor David Tarr. His classes in military history used to be the radicals' guerrilla-theater stage; now students linger after the lectures to ask polite questions. There is a new respect for the rights of others. At Harvard, which protested strongly 22 months ago against ROTC, a Marine Corps recruiter recently turned up on campus. When a small band of radicals tried to block the path to his office, some 40 self-appointed marshals quickly cleared the way.

The radical groups are largely splintered or defunct, their leadership out of school or underground. Most campus papers that were once mouthpieces for the movement have reverted to more dispassionate journalism. Others, like the Harvard *Crimson*, do not bother with editorials any more. The most visible political group at Dartmouth is a chapter of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom; it numbers about 15 members. Even women do not seem to care much for their liberation. A recent poll conducted by the University of Washington's campus paper produced the startling conclusion that those who wanted less news about Women's Lib were themselves women; what the large majority of students wanted was more coverage of academic and research developments.

Many campus bookstores are stuck with embarrassingly

large inventories of works by yesterday's gurus—Hermann Hesse, Herbert Marcuse, Jerry Rubin. In rock music, the staple of the youth culture, a shift can be perceived from acid rock to the soft ballads of Neil Young, Gordon Lightfoot and James Taylor. There is a strong revival of interest in folk-rock singers of the early '60s. The most popular movies are the ones that examine and expose contemporary hypocrisies: *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (male chauvinism), *Catch-22* (war), and *Lovers and Other Strangers* (marriage).

Marijuana remains an almost universal form of recreation, but its use is far more discriminating. Gone are the big smoke-ins punctuated by acid rock and strobe lights. The smoking is done in small groups of friends, and the aim is not an easy high but a better understanding of self. Indeed, for many students, says Martin Meyerson, president of the University of Pennsylvania, "any concern beyond the self tends to be regarded as too luxurious."

How long the eerie tranquility will last is a matter of conjecture. Many administrators fear a return of unrest in the spring, when youthful exuberances always blossom anew. Even if there is no further trouble, campus quiet is not synonymous with campus health. Oases for ideas, universities should be places of ferment. The violence of the past few years was, of course, unacceptable, but the student movement has called the nation's attention to some of its weaknesses—a hidebound educational establishment, inequitable draft laws, unrepresentative political procedures, to mention some of the most legitimate targets of protest. Despite the new calm, the turbulence of recent years cannot be written off as a mere episode, a minor aberration. The memory of the violence will endure, but so will the existence of students as a once and future conscience and collective voice of national concern.

■ Gregory Wierszynski

Out of Tune and Lost in the Counterculture

The wrong people, the wrong drugs have taken over. English majors (ugh), fraternity boys and the down-and-outers who would have been bums anywhere are joining the culture. The aggressive psychotic drunk has sprung up now in the drug culture. Heroin and speed have replaced marijuana and LSD. Hippie violence against hippie has become commonplace. It is numbers: too many hippies. We can only afford so many people alienated from society.

These are the words of Charlie Whitman, hippie lawyer from Lawrence, Kans., a 27-year-old veteran of the counterculture who has seen it all. What Whitman sees happening in Lawrence is going on all over America: the counterculture losing its primal energy, which was, back in 1967, a beautiful, frightening thing to feel.

The counterculture began as an attitude, a radically new way of seeing life. Except on its political fringe, it was never translated into consciously conceived doctrine. It existed, in fact, mainly on the subconscious level, not so much a culture as a mass mental condition, a carefree, peaceful state of arrested movement and introspection.

The culture sprang more than anything else from rock-'n'-roll music. The new awareness took its energy from the shattering, obliterating volume of electrically amplified music, so awesomely loud it made pant legs flap and ears go numb for days. This volume, so enormous it was more move-

ment than sound, amounted to a new form of violence, and when it coupled with the anarchic, brute-sexual rhythm and lyrics of rock-'n'-roll music, it produced a mass catharsis.

The sound helped shape a generation whose aggressive urges were so effectively cauterized that they had little appetite for physical, intellectual or economic competition, and none for war. "Upward mobility" came to seem absurd, as did the educational system. With marijuana and LSD prolonging and deepening the disorienting effects of the music, the rock culture grew, so that today it is a predominant life-style among the 40 million Americans aged 15 to 25.

Paradoxically, as the movement waxed, the music waned. This began to happen in the spring of 1967 at the Monterey Pop Festival, at a time when it seemed the movement would ensnare the whole country in its spirit. "It's hard to describe the feeling we had," recalls John Sinclair, chairman of the radical White Panther Party. "Everybody was taking all that acid and dancing and screaming in the music and uniting on every level with everybody else around him. . . . We had a whole new vision of the world, and we knew that everything would be all right once the masses got the message we were sending out through our music, our frenzied dancing, our outrageous clothes and manners and speech, our mind-blowing, consciousness-expanding, earthshaking dope."

But at Monterey, in the warm spring sun, the hard-driving energy of the new music was exposed not only to the young people, but also to the commercial visionaries of the big record companies. "The musicians were bought off," says Sinclair. "The music was adulterated and repackaged and sold to us like hamburgers." Instead of reproducing the spontaneous violence and energy of a live performance, recording studios began to "simulate" performances, recording one instrument, one singer at a time, then "mixing down" eight or 16 separate tracks of tape into a final record.

With the music transformed into a neat consumer product, the record companies and promoters deluged the market with records and "festivals," making the counterculture suddenly accessible to anyone willing to grow his hair long and take drugs. As the culture swelled, reaching down to the twelve-year-olds and out to relative "straights," it underwent a basic change.

Instead of an earthshaking shift in consciousness, it became for many merely a change in superficial values. Once there was safety in numbers; growing long hair and wearing bell-bottoms became more a matter of fashion than a statement of any revolutionary attitudes. Whole chains of hip clothing stores—led by Los Angeles-based Jeans West, 46 stores strong—sprang up and flourished. Movies that pretended to be hip but spoke only to "plastic hippies" (*Getting Straight*, *The Strawberry Statement*) overwhelmed earlier, more truly radical pictures like *Easy Rider*. The most successful of the underground newspapers—*Rolling Stone*, the Los Angeles *Free Press*, the *Village Voice*—became such large operations they were forced to depend more and more on straight advertising to survive, and thus rose approximately to ground level.

The communal movement has suffered too. Communes began when the movement was small, when hippies had such a tenuous hold on existence they were almost forced to band together in self-sufficient units. But when so-called hippies came swarming in millions over the land, the rigors of the true agrarian commune came to seem unnecessary. Many of the original experiments dried up; what remain are mostly semi-communes, work groups that are more or less directly dependent on the country's economic system for survival.

In the midst of all this "co-optation," came the onslaught of hard drugs. In the wake of the Government's Operation Intercept, which slowed the flow of marijuana out of Mexico, grass became expensive and hard to get. When rumors linked LSD with chromosomal damage, the

counterculture also turned away from that No. 1 mind tripper. In 1969, the culture switched in large numbers to Methedrine or speed, a drug that led many to chaotic, aggressive behavior. Then last year the heroin pushers moved in, and the damage was complete. The drug deaths of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin were symbolic; across the country, thousands were dying of overdoses, needle infections and drug-related accidents. Terrorized by the influx of debilitating drugs, diluted by Woolworth hippies, the movement limped through the past two years a paranoid, fragmented version of its former self. Its political wing, which served mainly as theater, degenerated into bad theater, then the insane violence of the Weatherman. No longer buoyed by hope of a gradual takeover of the System, the culture finally faced up to the fact that General Motors was not going to go away and that some accommodation would have to be made with the larger society.

Now, as the masses of the movement's first generation leave school, they are faced with a grim choice of 1) continuing to exist outside the economy by a combination of panhandling, peddling their handicrafts and occasionally dealing dope; 2) becoming true outlaws and dealing dope on a large scale; 3) taking a straight job.

None of these alternatives is especially palatable for the members of the counterculture. In fact, they represent the end of much of the movement's dream. In that dilemma, some straight jobs have become acceptable. "Driving cabs is the In thing for hippies right now in New York," says the underground cartoonist Mad John Peck. In Berkeley, the freaks have formed their own cab company, and the cabs are psychedelically painted bombs navigated solely by longhairs. Being a letter carrier is also acceptable, and mailmen with Prince Valiant cuts abound. Some straight newspapers like the Boston *Globe* have allowed invasions of freak reporters, and "a lot of freaks are into cybernetics," according to Peck. But the acceptable straight fields are few, and most of them are near the bottom of the economic ladder.

All this means that the counterculture, the world's first (and probably last) socio-political movement to grow out of the force of electrically amplified music, has reached a grudging, melancholy truce with the straight world it set out to save. Surrounded, ensnared by a modern industrialized economic system, the movement has become fragmented, confused. That immaculate peaceful energy with which it began has been transmuted into a vast, yawning sense of futility, and there seems no way out.

■ Timothy Tyler

"A GRUDGING, MELANCHOLY TRUCE"



The Uses of Economic Adversity

The cost is high, but adversity has its uses: the recession has played a major role in the calming of America. Looking for a job takes precedence over looking for trouble. Unemployment undermines the counterculture's confidence in a cornucopia able to feed forever both the straights and the dropouts. And in subtler ways the recession has lowered the general tolerance for uproar, enhancing the concern for private welfare at the expense of political concerns and street theatrics. Sidewalks are too narrow for protest marchers and food stamp lines.

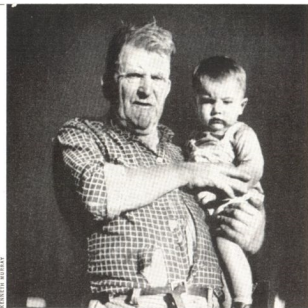
The effect is ironic, because the 1970 recession was the nation's mildest in this century. But the reason is plain: the downturn's jolt to Americans' accustomed confidence was far greater than its blow to their pocketbooks. Almost two-thirds are now telling pollsters that the state of the economy is their biggest concern. Unemployment has been lower than during any previous recession; yet three out of four Americans expect rising unemployment and economic difficulties this year. "The notion that things will be better tomorrow has received quite a shock," says Economist George Katona.

The dip had a disproportionate impact for several reasons. In the Eisenhower years, when recessions recurred, expectations of continued prosperity never rose too high. But after nearly a decade of rising employment and prosperity, any downturn was bound to be jarring. The vastly increased coverage of economic news made more people aware of the recession, even if it did not affect them directly, than were aware of the deeper, frequent downturns of the 1950s. Much of the political rhetoric of the last decade, moreover—"the new economics," "the Great Society"—bred hopes that the economy could be controlled and that Government intervention could ensure general prosperity. Many people believed that Richard Nixon, who attributed his 1960 defeat partly to that year's decline, would prevent another Republican recession.

The Nixon slump has had some beneficial side effects. It has curbed the speculative excesses that developed in the inflationary superboom and helped to puncture many of the nation's bloated expectations of future prosperity. It has restored the key element of risk without which the economic system becomes wasteful and unbalanced. During the boom, companies hoarded unneeded workers; employees, knowing they would not be fired, showed up for work late or not at all. Now companies are paring their unproductive workers, and the others, concerned about their jobs, appear on time.

Recessions always tend to restrain passions as much as spending. "One effect of unemployment," says Harvard Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, "is to make a man concentrate on his personal problems. If he is unemployed or worried about his job, personal problems take priority. He doesn't have the psychic energy to think about society." Many of the McCarthy liberals and peace-movement activists have become silent since they lost their jobs as laboratory scientists or systems analysts in the defense and research plants along Boston's Route 128. Despite the General Motors siege, there were fewer strikes last year than in 1969, and fewer workers quit their jobs.

Many parents, strapped by inflation, rising state and local taxes, and soaring college tuition, are no longer able to support nonworking students. Job hunting has diverted youthful political energies. The need to find a job also



"ENHANCING THE CONCERN FOR PRIVATE WELFARE"

tends to moderate radical notions about the materialism of U.S. society. If it follows the historical pattern, the recession might even help to restore parental power. "The authority of parents and teachers, which was weak in the '20s, came back in the '30s because students were more dependent on them," says Lipset.

While the recession has cost radicals the leisure to protest, it has helped dramatize the plight of the poor and unemployed. It has increased public support for welfare reform, for extension of unemployment benefits, for higher Social Security payments. Thus the recession serves an educational function for the public at large, and it may help many of the reforms envisioned by liberals in the '60s to become enacted in the early '70s.

The leveling of the inflationary spiral was as important as the business decline in calming social tensions. Since early 1969 the inflation rate has not increased, though it has yet failed to decline noticeably. When prices began to rise in 1966, those relationships became distorted. Savers were penalized and speculators rewarded. People were angered at stockbrokers' taking four vacations a year and plumbers making \$20,000; they felt that neither deserved it. "Inflation is a sign that something is terribly unbalanced in society," says Economist Sam Nakagama. "There is normally a relationship between effort and reward. Inflation rewards speculation." But in the recession, the stockbroker may be unemployed and the construction trades are under growing pressure to moderate their demands. "Recession restores a relationship between working and reward."

The recession has also caused a reassessment of much of the liberal dogma that dominated national thinking in the '60s. There is a growing suspicion that even with the postwar "peace dividend," the U.S. may not be able to eliminate poverty, cleanse its environment and rebuild its cities as quickly as most Americans would like. By dampening Americans' personal expectations, the recession has served as well to moderate their demands on the nation. The public is willing to admit that national priorities must be set and that some desirable goals will require time to attain. The downturn has re-emphasized the virtues of hard work and self-reliance and has brought about a modest revival of the puritan ethic. None of this means that recessions are desirable. The goal of rising prosperity is not only a fundamental part of the American credo; it is absolutely essential to the solution of nearly all America's problems. But the recession has at least restored a certain sense of realism.

■ Peter Vanderwicken

Middle America Is Not Back Where It Started

The peace rally last week in front of the White House gates was a thin shadow of those massive war marches that used to fill this city. A few hundred pathetic kids and their faded gurus broke some windows and shouted their slogans and then dissolved into the chill dusk. Fifty yards away, the secretaries of Henry Kissinger, the President's National Security Assistant, watched the scraggly crowd for a few minutes, then turned back to their work on the progress reports and the briefing papers about the invasion of Laos. Down the hall, an unruffled Richard Nixon made preparations to fly south to the sun, where he intended to think about the kind of world he wants two years from now.

That night, a great full moon flooded the federal city, bringing with it a sense of calm and beauty that has hardly been noticed in a decade. In the gilded salons of Georgetown, in the musty hideaways of the Capitol, in the big, comfortable homes of suburban Chevy Chase, they talk about what is not happening in this land: the absence of cam-

pus upheaval and ghetto terror. There is agreement only about the national calm.

In the White House, they see the cooling as the result of two years of Richard Nixon's special kind of managerial stewardship. The people who run this Administration are less frenetic, they say. So the people who are touched by it are calmer. It is the absence of a Washington spectacle like Lyndon Johnson, the refusal to make great promises that cannot be fulfilled. Hopes and desires have diminished and are now more in line with reality. There is in this era of quietude, the Nixon thinkers contend, a grudging growth of belief in the President's pledges to end the war, to quietly integrate the Southern schools, at least to try to curb inflation and reduce unemployment. There is in the mood, the men at the White House believe, a turning at last to the celebration of small deeds, the summons that Nixon issued in his Inaugural Address.

They do not discount the fact that the blacks and the kids and the radical left had spent a lot of their energy. "We came in at a good time," insists one Nixon aide. "It had crested, expended itself." Public support dwindled. The participants in violence suddenly saw the dimensions of the horror they had created and, yes, they say in the White House, Vice President Spiro Agnew played a part. He branded outrages as outrages, he condemned the over-indulgent. People turned to look at themselves, began to take hold of their own lives.

The critics of this Administration admit that there is a turning away from the Federal Government, that far off on the horizon is the beginning of something that might be called self-reliance, a new pride in self. But

The European's compulsive fascination with what was once called the American Experiment often translates itself into harsh criticism. At a time of so much American self-doubt, one European, however, offers a generously sympathetic vision, French Author-Critic Jean-François Revel has taken measure of America in stress and has found there hope not only for the U.S. but for the rest of the world. In his new book, *Ni Marx Ni Jesus (Neither Marx nor Jesus)*, to be published in the U.S. this fall by Doubleday under the title *The New American Revolution*, Revel argues that a "revolution" has already begun in the U.S.—a movement capable of success without violent upheaval. Revel sees not a world revolution against the U.S. as most of the country's leftist critics imagine. Rather it is a beneficial one which America will create. The view of America as a model to others is overwhelmingly unfashionable just now, but that is how Revel views it. The new America, he predicts, will generate a new "world revolution."

As Revel sees it, the phenomenon has no relation to the familiar, violent historical event, which, as happened in Russia, merely exchanges one form of tyranny for another. He asserts that there has been only one world revolution, which he places in the second half of the 18th century with the advent of egalitarian societies. The second world revolution, he says, will have as its goal the establishment of "economic and social equality by and through cultural and personal liberty; the guarantee of security through the participation of all in the political decisions," and eventually the creation of a world government.

Why is the U.S. to be the privileged vanguard of the second world revolution? Because, says Revel, America has invented a new revolutionary method that other nations have been incapable of engendering on their own. That method is dissent, "a revolutionary judo without precedent," an "all-enveloping and erratic sedition" with which governments cannot cope. For the revolution to succeed, there must be widespread criticism of:

- ▶ Injustice in economic, social and racial relationships;
- ▶ Inefficiency in management, use of materials and human resources, and wrongful use of technical progress;
- ▶ Misuse of political power;

A Foreign Vision of the Coming American Revolution

- ▶ The state of present-day culture—morals, religion, philosophy, literature and the arts;
- ▶ Adverse effects of civilization upon personal liberty.

All these criticisms exist today in the U.S., writes Revel, and all are accelerated by modern mass communications, notably television, which does not stultify American viewers but offers them a great variety of political, cultural and economic information. "Far from being television's slave, the viewer can use it as a library." Thus it is free access to information, Revel argues, that has created such widespread criticism of the war. "We tend too often to ignore the fact that for the first time in world history, a foreign war—and particularly a colonial expedition and a war that is supposed to be in the interests of national security—is meeting with such strong opposition within the country that is waging the war. . . . The transition from internal democracy to democracy in external affairs, or at least to preoccupation with democracy in external affairs, represents a giant step—a step that the United States has been the first to take. Americans were able to make that transition because of the freedom of information in their country. It means that there has been real progress toward suppression of the right to commit crime in the name of foreign policy."

To overcome war and other world evils, there must first come a change in "political civilization," explains Revel. The pioneer country for this is the U.S., where the signs of change are already visible: "Culturally, it is oriented toward the future rather than the past, and it is undergoing a revolution in mores and an affirmation of the freedom and equality of individuals. It rejects authoritarian con-

they do not believe that it was the result of any Nixon script, but of the failure of Nixon leadership. Although our part in Southeast Asia is diminishing, the killing goes on. Unemployment and inflation continue to hurt because the efforts to cure them, while sincere, are ineffectual. Many demands of minorities are ignored. Only in foreign policy does there seem to be a sense of direction. "The Administration," insists Missouri's Democratic Congressman James Symington, "seems almost irrelevant to what is happening."

Somewhere between the sentiment from the White House and that from the Democratic Congress lies the truth. The land is cooler and Nixon has encouraged it. But his leadership has been crowded with contradiction, like vowing to "bring us together," then defiling that ideal with the politics of division practiced by Agnew and himself in the 1970 election. Progress in school integration has been clouded by the absence of any sense of commitment to other black anguish. "Managerial" leadership does not communicate the sense of caring sought by the very young and the very old. It is as if the American people, reared in the age of mesmeric Presidents from Roosevelt to Johnson, expect to be entertained and excited.

Nor does the disenchantment stop with the White House. Those Congressmen who listen to what the people back home tell them find their own images in jeopardy. The endless harangues by the presidential contenders against the incumbent's policy, the countless congressional hearings that fog and obfuscate as much as they enlighten, have bred disgust. The beautiful liberals who ran this Government for so long and have grown rich from their inside knowledge

trols and hence multiplies creative initiative in art, ways of life, forms of sensibility, allowing for a diversity of mutually complementary or alternative subcultures. . . . Finally, an important revolution has the best chance of coming about in a situation where the forces of change are faced with a broad fundamental goodwill, allowing them to gain enormous ground without recourse to a real civil war. In other words, the higher the threshold of absorption of change by the existing system, the greater the revolutionary chances of success." Not violence but co-optation by the Establishment is the surest means to successful revolution in the U.S.

Revel is convinced that the revolution will succeed. Pointing out that it was the European who invented imperialism, Revel concludes: "Today in this America, daughter of our imperialism, a new revolution is rising. It is the revolution of our time. It is the only one which, at the first radical, moral and practical confrontation with nationalism, combines a culture, an economic and technological power and, finally, a total affirmation of freedom for all as opposed to archaic restraints. It therefore offers the only possible way out for today's humanity: acceptance of technological civilization as a means and not as an end and thus—since we cannot be saved either by destroying it or going on with it—to reshape that civilization without annihilating it."

In Paris last week, Revel took note of what he terms the "breathing spell" in the U.S. "This is a period of stabilization," he said. "The radicals, the Weathermen, the Black Panthers have put water in their wine. They're not backtracking, but they now understand better what must be done if they're to be effective. They realize that extremism, pure violence, cuts them off from protesting youth." But the revolution, in Revel's terms, has not been defused. "The left's ideas of five or six years ago have been adopted and are now being digested by large sectors of the American people. An awful lot happened in the past decade. There was a great deal of revising of values, and this is a digestive phase. . . . Both the Establishment and the protesters are reflecting about events."



"A CELEBRATION OF SMALL DEEDS"

are now as much a symbol of entrenched and unyielding privilege as the industrialist used to be. If there is a man in Washington who provokes pure awe and respect here and beyond the Potomac, it is Ralph Nader, the curious champion of the consumer. He lives his religion, devoid of greed, filled with candor, beyond influence. He has a mission. He has done it himself.

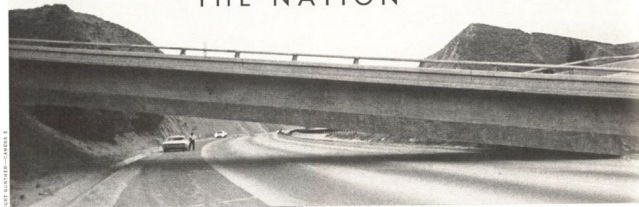
Both sides in this debate agree that there is a new national humility, perhaps a new respect for plain hard work. In that sacred middle ground of American thought and sentiment there is a good deal of relief and even a touch of welcome-back-to-earth. Those special performers on both right and left who streaked across the political firmament and have now sputtered out never really understood that much of their success came from the abiding tolerance and patience of the people, the firm underfooting of this republic that is often more sensible than its leaders believe. And something else: Middle America is not back where it started. Long hair on a kid who studies somehow is not too bad. Black neighbors who want law-and-order and good schools and healthy bodies are not as sinister as those who parade on campuses with rifles. Middle America has been duped and scorned too many times not to be wary now. But its citizens have endured, and if nothing else, they face ahead with less fear than before and with a new curiosity about their small worlds.

Apparently, a lot of people across this land have decided that finding out what is happening in their cities and communities is a pretty good idea. From almost all the touring politicians come the nervous reports that they and their political colleagues who are running things back home are undergoing more and more scrutiny.

In my old home town of Greenfield, Iowa, they had a school board meeting a few nights ago to listen to the new salary demands of the teachers. For the first time in years, a solid phalanx of concerned taxpayers from town and farm showed up to listen and to judge. Another thing happened about the same time. They showed the premiere of a movie, *Cold Turkey*, which was filmed in that tiny village, so long deserted by its young people and criticized by its residents, who have felt passed over by modern society. One shot showed the sun rising on the clear and uncrowded prairie, a deep and comforting green. Those people in that little theater in Greenfield, for the first time in a long while, broke into applause for what they had and what they were.

■ Hugh Sidey

THE NATION



CELT BUNTER—CAMERA 5

COLLAPSED OVERPASS ON GOLDEN STATE FREEWAY

AMERICAN NOTES

Moon Pull

The laws of the universe fix the moon in its space niche, but what of its place in man's perception? The moon is being diminished, picked at like a specimen in a biology class, deprived of its ancient mythology.

"Honor to human courage," declared Pope Paul in a litany of praise. "Honor to the synthesis of the scientific and organizational activity of man. Honor to man—king of the earth and now prince of the heavens!" But pity the prince's domain. There was the astronaut with his golf ball, treating the desolate grandeur like country-club grass. Next time the visitors will drive a car. Mundane subjugation would seem complete.

Last week, as the astronauts came home, a grim earthquake struck California, and one scientist suggested that the quake was a function of the lunar eclipse. Retaliation, perhaps, for the little moonquakes precipitated by the astronauts. Scientists may argue the potency of the moon's gravitational pull, but for laymen there can be some comfort in the notion that the moon retains a bit of its mystery and strength.

Cape McIntire

Despite the astronauts' success, Cape Kennedy is economically depressed. Now the Rev. Carl McIntire, the right-wing Fundamentalist, plans a dual revival—fiscal and spiritual—for the ailing area. He will construct his version of heaven at the space center. His real estate purchases in recent weeks amount to an estimated \$25 million and include the Cape Kennedy Hilton, a convention hall, office buildings, apartments and undeveloped land.

McIntire wants to turn the Cape into a combination retirement village, college and convention center for supporters of his anti-Communist gospel. He has closed the bar in the Hilton and plans to impress the lessons of the Scriptures on visitors by converting buildings once owned by space contractors into replicas of biblical scenes. There will be a kitsch re-creation of King Solomon's



LEVIN HAN—CAMERA 5

BUCKLED WING OF VETERANS HOSPITAL

Temple, complete with 15-ft.-high cherubim. He also hopes to organize tours of the space center, shuttling the customers on double-decker buses between his own celestial shop and NASA's.

Process of Elimination

It took just two years of concentrated effort to perfect the first primitive atomic bomb. It is taking decades since the first efforts began for the superpowers to formulate even modest controls on the Bomb. There was the partial test ban agreed to eight years ago. Then came pacts to keep nuclear arms from Latin America and outer space and to prohibit the distribution of weapons to nations that did not already have them. Last week the U.S., Russia and 60 other nations signed a treaty barring the installation of nuclear weapons on the ocean floor. If this slow process of elimination continues, there may even be an agreement some day concerning the thousands of missiles that the rivals have now aimed at each other.



PHIL REACH—PHOTOGRAPHY

CAR NEARLY BURIED
Is worse yet to come?

Terror in Los Angeles



IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY



BURNING HOUSE & GARAGE

THE dawn promised a placid day: the first rays of a sun that would warm the Los Angeles basin to a summery 82° glimmered in the east. Then, at 41 seconds past 6, the earth rocked, jolting 10 million Southern Californians awake—and into instant wonderment or terror.

Oceanside residents rushed to seaward windows, fearing a tidal wave; they heard only distant foghorns. Hill dwellers peered down at the San Fernando Valley and were shocked at the sight of fiery blue arcs rising from electrical explosions and plumes of water erupting from broken mains. On the valley floor, Jack Speyer dashed from his second-floor bedroom in Glendale brandishing a baseball bat, certain that a burglar was ransacking the rooms below. Twelve days overdue in her pregnancy, a woman near the quake's center knew only that labor had finally begun. At a 24-hour supermarket in the town of San Fernando, Clerk Marty Federico clung to a metal rail until the awful vibrations stopped, then reeled as two gas pipes exploded. Federico thought at first that a jet aircraft had set off a sonic boom directly overhead, then that Los Angeles was absorbing the ultimate nuclear attack.

Lucky Timing. It was not even the ultimate earthquake that scientists have long predicted for California (see SCIENCE). But it registered 6.5 on the Richter Scale (highest ever recorded: 8.9), making it the most severe shock to strike the quake-prone area in nearly 40 years. Felt over 30,000 square miles from Fresno south to San Diego and east to Las Vegas, the earthquake caused at least \$350 million worth of property damage. It killed 62 persons, the greatest number of U.S. earthquake casualties since Long Beach suffered 120 deaths in 1933. Only the fortunate timing prevented a fatality list many times greater. A few hours later, the freeways,

shopping centers and schools would have been filled with victims.

No one could be certain whether he was safer indoors or outside. At the Midnight Mission along downtown Los Angeles' Skid Row, Nicolo Diffilpantonio, 70, fled into the street—and was killed by chunks of roofing that fell from the aged building. The mission's 200 other occupants were unhurt; they remained inside. In Sylmar, near the quake's epicenter in the San Gabriel Mountains, Linda Daniheux, 25, remained in bed—and died when the ceiling of her room collapsed. En route to install new equipment at a microwave relay station in the mountains, Arthur Mikkelsen, 46, and Milton Gonne, 45, were crushed when a concrete overpass of the Golden State Freeway dropped squarely on the roof of their pickup truck.

Falling Hospitals. The upheaval ripped three wings away from the core building of Sylmar's new \$23 million Olive View Medical Center, which had been considered quake-resistant. Surprisingly, only three persons were killed: an ambulance driver and two respiratory patients, who were not seriously injured but died because they were separated from their breathing equipment. At the nearby Veterans Administration Hospital in San Fernando, by contrast, a patient survived only because his iron lung protected him from being crushed by a fallen ceiling.

It was the 47-year-old Veterans Hospital, a Spanish-style stucco complex, that was most devastated. Three of the buildings were either demolished or toppled, burying patients—many of them elderly men—in the rubble. Although confined to a wheelchair with a back injury, Bob Dutton said he instantly "learned to walk" as his third-floor room began to sway. "I jumped for the door, and when I reached the hall and turned to look back, there was nothing there—just wide-open space." There were at least 44 dead. But the round-the-clock



PATIENT RESCUED FROM V.A. HOSPITAL
An iron lung saved one.

DEMOLISHED OLIVE VIEW HOSPITAL BUILDING





CARBONARA AFTER RESCUE
"I thought I was dead."

work of emergency crews paid off, as they delicately carved the wreckage into small chunks to avoid further injury to trapped survivors. Following the moans and screams coming from the debris, they rescued 36 victims.

A Live One. Even some 15 hours after the cries had turned to an ominous silence, one patient was pulled free and had only a simple request: Would someone please find his glasses and false teeth? Frank Carbonara, 68, a staff baker, had spent 58 hours under a concrete slab, listening helplessly as rescuers worked above him. "We've found a live one!" shouted a workman and Carbonara was dragged out in surprisingly good condition. "I thought I was dead," he recalled later.

Beyond the human agony, the quake spread vast physical destruction. In almost every one of the residential blocks of Sylmar and San Fernando, at least one house was either leveled or tilted. On the inside, thousands of homes were a jumble of overturned refrigerators, shards of glass, cracked furniture. The legs of baby grand pianos gave way. Severely damaged was the San Fernando Mission, founded in 1797, which had been rebuilt in 1818 after an earthquake destroyed it. In most cases, there was no insurance coverage.

The valley's intricate freeway system was blocked by the rupture or collapse of 20 overpasses. Jagged pieces of roadway raised barriers up to five feet tall. Immense traffic jams developed during the holiday weekend. Although the California highway patrol had pleaded with motorists to stay home, Officer J.D. Trippodi conceded: "It's part of the nature of Californians to travel. We realize that no one will pay attention to us."

The quake at first knocked out all util-

ities—power, gas, telephones and water—in much of the valley. Gas repairmen laboriously turned off lines in 20,000 homes to avoid explosions, then faced what an official called a "monumental undertaking" to restore service. At Sylmar, telephone equipment was described as "just a jumbled mess." A major artery linking power circuits between the Pacific Northwest and Southern California will take 18 months to repair.

Urgent Pills. Long after the quake, Angelenos still trembled. Aftershocks continued to roll through the metropolitan area, each stirring concern that another major upheaval might be imminent. At least 60,000 valley residents whose homes lie below Van Norman Reservoir were ordered to stay away from their neighborhoods. Much of the restraining dam's concrete facing had slipped beneath the water, and its earthen backing had developed fissures. With each new shock—one reached a magnitude of 5.7—residents feared that 6 billion gallons of water might burst into the valley. The slow task of emptying the 100-ft.-deep reservoir into the normally dry Los Angeles River began so that the dam could be repaired and the lakes refilled—a task that will take an estimated three years. Residents were allowed to return to their homes after the water level was dropped to 87 ft., easing pressure on the dam.

Meanwhile, the displaced stayed with friends or spent long, dreary days at school buildings, where they slept on cots or mattresses. Others begged to be allowed to go home, but only an emergency reason would do. One housewife convinced a patrolman that retrieving her birth control pills was a matter of sufficient urgency.

The quake renewed controversy over building codes in California. Until 13 years ago, no structure over 13 stories high was permitted in Los Angeles because of the earthquake danger. Since then, buildings as high as 43 stories have been erected—and they all withstood the strain last week. There were new warnings from some scientists, however, that skyscrapers should not be allowed. Mostly it was older buildings that suffered heavy damage (including the oldest residence in Los Angeles, the downtown Avila Adobe, which had withstood quakes for 150 years). A further worry was the fact that 20 schools suffered severe structural damage.

Southern Californians have grown almost blasé about their recurrent forest and brush fires, flash floods and mud slides. Indeed, some were able to grasp their Bloody Marys on the morning after last week's disaster and joke about their survival. Yet there is something singularly shattering to the serenity of nearly all humans when the ground moves; the earth is, after all, everyone's womb and tomb. So the forecast of worse quakes to come troubled even calamity-conditioned Californians as they slowly cleared the debris and tried to forget the terror that had started at dawn.

TRIALS

The Magical Mystery Tour

There is an exit even in the house of horrors that is the Charles Manson murder trial, but it is not possible to leave such a place in peace. As the end of their work finally neared, the jurors last week were shown a display of aberration that was bound to haunt them for a long time to come. It amounted to an unstated plea of insanity.

On view, getting the attention she so openly pleads for, was the first of the four defendants to appear before the jury. Susan Denise Atkins, sounding high, embarrassingly theatrical, rolling her eyes and screwing her face as if to focus her mind, held the witness stand like a prize of war for three days.

Describing her murderous night with a knife in the home of Sharon Tate, she demonstrated a disassociation, an unbridgeable chasm between the act and the emotions that should be attached to it. But—and it is a "but" of doubt that will never entirely leave the Manson story—she also showed an ability to make legal points that served a clear end: to absolve her leader and accuse the state's chief witness, Linda Kasabian.

Blood Writing. The jury, sitting for its 36th week, had already pronounced the guilt of Manson, Atkins and two other Manson followers, Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten. Now, under California law, a second trial is under way to determine the penalty. While the jury still will not hear a formal defense of insanity—Manson has forbidden it—the panel cannot escape the implications of the women's behavior and their words.

The jurors heard Susan Atkins describe her last month of pregnancy: "She said, 'Please, all I want to do is have my baby.' I said, 'Don't move, don't talk to me. I don't want to hear

SUSAN ATKINS



it.' I just stabbed her, and she fell, and I stabbed her again. I don't know how many times I stabbed her." Atkins dipped a towel in Miss Tate's blood and wrote PIG on the front door of the house.

Did she feel hate toward any of the five persons who died that night? "No, I didn't know any of them. How could I have had any feelings—nothing. What I was doing was right. I was coming from love. I had no thoughts in my head. I have no guilt in me." How can someone be killed out of love? "To explain the feeling would be almost impossible to relate so that you could understand it. It was like, when I would stab, I was stabbing myself. The touching of a flower, looking at the sun, whatever I do and I know is right when I am doing it, feels good."

Legal Point. In the rest of her statements, Atkins calculatedly struck at the successful prosecution case. Earlier testimony, including her own before a grand jury and Kasabian's during the trial, had accused Manson of conceiving the murders. His motive was said to be a desire to make whites believe that a black uprising had begun.

Now Atkins said that before the Tate murders, she had killed Musician Gary Hinman, a murder for which another Manson follower, Bobby Beausoleil, has been found guilty. The subsequent multiple killings, she testified, were not the result of a Manson plot to foment race war but the idea of Linda Kasabian. The state's chief witness, Atkins said, convinced the Manson women that other murders similar to the Hinman slaying would make the authorities believe that the jailed Beausoleil was innocent. Finally, the witness said that Kasabian was in the Tate house when the murders occurred and provided a knife that Atkins used. Kasabian, given immunity in return for her testimony, has sworn she was not in the house.

Miss Atkins' motives in giving this testimony were transparent. When she insisted that she had killed Hinman, she made the legal point to Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi: "Your whole thing, man, is just gone, your whole motive." Why, in her grand jury testimony, had she described Manson as the organizer of the murders? "Flash!" she replied. "Susan Denise Atkins and Kansas Manson in headlines all over the world. I used that man to get attention." The earlier story was just a "magical mystery tour."

Through it all, Manson sat at the defense table, sometimes stroking his goatee, sometimes smiling at the other two defendants. They are to testify this week, and it is expected that their stories will follow the lines of Atkins' tale. Whether Manson will finally take the stand only he knows. Last week the jurors showed wonderment at what they were hearing, and Judge Charles Older, during a conference at the bench, referred to all the defendants as "borderline mental cases." The jury did not hear him, but probably did not need to.

RADICALS

The Divided Panthers

The charge: conspiracy to bomb public places in New York City and assassinate police. The courtroom atmosphere: chaotic, as scuffling and shouting became part of the daily docket in the pretrial hearings of 13 Black Panthers. Only after Judge John Murtagh stopped all action, presenting the prospect of indefinite jail stays, did the proceedings settle down to ten months of routine, producing little dramatic evidence and no political show reminiscent of the Chicago Seven trial.

Last week the case took an astonishing turn with the disappearance of Michael Tabor and Richard Moore, two of the four defendants free on bail. The two others who had been free, both women, were promptly remanded to jail. An angered Huey Newton, co-founder, minister of defense and supreme commander of the Black Panthers, expelled Tabor and Moore from the party. He denounced them as "en-

porters had arranged their bail (\$150,000) because of the pair's leadership qualities. Both Tabor, 24, and Moore, 28, had been counted on to attract support—and money—for those still in jail. Their performance failed to live up to expectations. But no one thought that Moore and Tabor would run out. It had seemed that they were headed for light sentences or perhaps acquittal.

The New York incident underscored the worsening factionalism and rebellion against discipline among the Panthers. For years there has been dissension between the leadership, based in Oakland and represented by Newton and Seale, and the less prominent New York group. The New Yorkers have resented what they consider autocratic rule from a distance. They have also remained relatively close to black nationalism, while Newton has broadened his view to what he calls "intercommunalism"—a willingness to cooperate with a variety of revolutionaries, including whites.

The New Yorkers, as well as some rank and file elements elsewhere, have

JIM ANDERSON—RANCY PALMER

UPI

RICHARD SALAZAR—RANCY PALMER



MOORE



NEWTON



TABOR

Autocratic rule from a distance.

emies of the people," whose disappearance had "propped up the dying case of the prosecution" and jeopardized the chances of the rest of the accused to go free on bail.

Newton was also enraged by the apparent defection of his personal secretary, Connie Matthews, who married Tabor two months ago. Missing with her were some of Newton's private papers—documents that Newton considered important to the defense of Panther Chairman Bobby Seale in his murder trial in New Haven.

Intercommunalism. The split was further complicated when Newton read nine of the remaining defendants out of the party. Their offense, apparently, was an open letter to the Weatherman faction last month, critical of Moore and Tabor. The party and other sup-

ported the pugnacity that originally guided Panther tactics. The Oakland Panthers have recently become more restrained in their activities. The increasing preoccupation with "pan-revolutionism" and ideological rhetoric helped weaken the Panthers' efforts to attract the less sophisticated. The fact that so many Panther leaders are in jail or exile also damaged discipline.

Expatriation may explain the disappearance of Moore and the Tabor couple. The fact that Connie Matthews held an Algerian passport led to rumors that the trio may have fled to Algeria. There has also been speculation that Moore and Tabor have been killed or kidnapped. If they are still alive, they now occupy a no man's land between the factions, estranged from both the Oakland group and the New Yorkers.

THE WORLD



SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS AT LAOTIAN BORDER

Indochina: The Soft-Sell Invasion

FOR days, the biggest force assembled in South Viet Nam since Richard Nixon fell heir to the war was poised on the rugged Laotian frontier. When the signal came from Washington early last week, hundreds of American helicopters lifted into the dust-choked sky at Khe Sanh, then darted off to landing zones, where South Vietnamese troops awaited them. At the same time, South Vietnamese tanks and armored personnel carriers rumbled westward on Route 9 and thrust across the border into the jungles of Laos. A new and possibly perilous phase was beginning in the long struggle for Indochina.

The Laos invasion may have been widely advertised, but no effort was spared to give it a soft-sell atmosphere. The announcement came not from Washington but from South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu. The American code name for the operation, Dewey Canyon II, was replaced by a Vietnamese name: Lam Son 719. The switch was part of the coy effort to cast the invasion as an all-South Vietnamese effort, though it was initiated, planned and given the go-ahead in the White House, and was overseen by General Creighton W. Abrams, U.S. commander in South Viet Nam. The shift in code names also underscored the extent to which Indochina's long war has changed. As French Journalist and Guerrilla Historian Jean Larteguy (*The Centurions*) put it last week: "First you had Asians fighting the French. Then you had Asians fighting the Americans. Now you have Asians fighting Asians." That is increasingly the case, though there are still 335,000 Americans in South Viet Nam.

Lam Son's initial objective was Tchepone, a small town 25 miles inside Laos (see map, page 26). Tchepone sits astride Route 9, where the Communist infiltration routes from North Viet Nam converge before fanning out again into South Viet Nam and Cambodia. From Tchepone, a large ARVN force could be ferried out for attacks on surrounding Communist facilities such as Base Area 604.

The ARVN advance was almost glacial—slowed by twisting terrain, mud that sucked at tank treads, and fears of rushing headlong into what Vice Premier Nguyen Cao Ky described last week as "our Dien Bien Phu." Instead of a lightning strike, the ARVN invasion commander, Lieut. General Hoang Xuan Lam, employed a cautious leapfrogging technique designed to keep his troops within range of friendly artillery.

Getting Kicked. The ARVN troops had every reason to move carefully. In all, there are some 30,000 North Vietnamese troops in the southern Laotian panhandle—more than enough to make life unpleasant for 14,000 ARVN troops that have been sent in. TIME's Saigon bureau chief, Jonathan Larsen, followed part of the advance in an ARVN helicopter. "Weaving this way and that to

avoid possible enemy fire," Larsen reported, "we swept past American fire bases and ARVN armored units, whirling over a repaired Route 9 and the beautiful Pone River, which marks the border. After ten or 15 minutes in the air, we hovered down in the middle of an expanse of brushwood alongside Route 9. Several ARVN troopers were having their midday dish of rice under the shade of a tank. One of them gestured at the ground and smiled: 'Laos.'"

It was clear that ARVN was finding the going tough. Newsmen saw enough truckloads of ARVN corpses returning from Laos for them to discount official totals of 31 killed and 113 wounded in the first six days. One American Cobra gunship pilot at Khe Sanh said flatly of the South Vietnamese: "They're getting their asses kicked!" That also seemed to apply to South Vietnamese and American flyers, who were encountering some of the most savage anti-aircraft fire of the war (see box).

Reporters also saw some American bodies being brought back from Laos. Was somebody fudging on the congressional curbs on the use of ground troops outside South Viet Nam? White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler insisted that the reports probably involved

U.S. TANKS FIRING INTO LAOS



After a mountain range in what is now North Viet Nam where Emperor Nguyen Hue trounced a Chinese invasion force during Tet 1788.

Special Forces intelligence teams that have operated in Laos for years. Still, the impression remained that some American advisers had crossed the border.

The early returns from Lam Son seemed favorable enough. By week's end, Saigon was claiming a total of 269 Communists killed, as against only 36 dead and 239 wounded on the allied side. Far to the south in Cambodia, where some 18,000 troops have been digging out new enemy sanctuaries for two weeks, the South Vietnamese claimed to have killed 491 Communists (v. 74 ARVN and Cambodian government dead) in a series of battles that included sharp fighting amid the rubber trees of the Chup Plantation, 35 miles inside Cambodian territory.

The Administration refuses to gauge Lam Son's success by the yardstick of captured enemy supplies. "We won't be able to show rice and bullets in this operation," says a White House adviser. "You'll have to judge it by what doesn't happen." What the White House is eager to prevent is: 1) a 1971 offensive aimed at upsetting Thieu's chances in October's presidential elections, and 2) a Tet-style explosion in 1972, when the Saigon government will not be able to call on U.S. ground-combat forces and Richard Nixon will be facing an election of his own.

How will the Communists respond? U.S. analysts see five possibilities:

INFILTRATE small guerrilla units that could create havoc behind the ARVN advance. Last week an ARVN Marine contingent was pulled back from the Route 9 advance and reassigned to security duty along the wide-open border.

SIT BACK AND WAIT for weak points to develop. Some of the Communist troops on the trail seemed to be drawing back from Route 9 with just that in mind.

CROSS THE DMZ into South Viet Nam. To discourage the three North Vietnamese divisions above the demilitarized zone from trying a counterinvasion, a U.S. Naval task force carrying 1,500 Marines was dispatched to the waters off the DMZ, and two ARVN divisions were rushed to Dong Ha.

HARASS CAMBODIA to create a diversion. The Communists never followed up their raid on Phnom-Penh's airport, however, which suggests that they may be short of supplies. Though hard-working Premier Lon Nol suffered a mild stroke last week and was flown to Hawaii for what may be a long recuperation, his idealistic "government of salvation" has achieved a strong following.

SQUEEZE LAOS in its more populous western provinces. Communist forces mounted an offensive on the Plain of Jars more than two weeks ago, began to surround Luangprabang, the royal capital, and maintained pressure on Sam Thong and Long Cheng, headquarters of the CIA-backed army of Meo tribesmen.

There was very little that Laos' politically astute Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, could do about last week's



HELICOPTERS ARRIVING AT LANG VEI BORDER CAMP

Rough Time for the Choppers

THE ten-year-old war in Indochina ushered in the Age of the Chopper, and the allied thrust into Laos last week vividly demonstrated why. The whirr of helicopter rotors accompanied the vast operation at every stage: airborne Cobra gunships softened up, or "prepped," landing sites with machine-gun and rocket fire; workhorse Hueys lifted entire battalions of South Vietnamese troops into enemy territory and evacuated the wounded; giant Chinooks supplied ground forces with everything from medicines to cannon. During a single day of the offensive, U.S. helicopters flew 1,100 sorties into Laos. Yet even as the wondercraft of the war showed that it has come fully of age, it also showed that it has some glaring weaknesses.

By official estimates, 12 helicopters had been lost in the Laos operation by week's end. Because the Army counts only craft that are totally destroyed as "losses," however, the actual number of those shot down was almost certainly higher. Along the lower part of the thickly fortified Ho Chi Minh Trail, 51-cal. and 37-mm. antiaircraft guns sprayed out a murderous shield of defensive fire. "They've got stuff out there, man, we don't even know what it is," said one pilot returning from Laos to Khe Sanh. "I had things flying past me looked big as basketballs." At least one chopper company received enemy hits on every one of its craft during a single day.

The helicopter has been doing service in Viet Nam since 1962, at first mostly to transport troops. As the Army realized the necessity for rapid mobility in a guerrilla war, commanders began urging Washington to free them from what they called "the tyranny of the terrain." There

are now 3,500 helicopters, worth nearly \$1 billion, in Viet Nam. With the arrival of the high-speed, heavily armed Cobra in 1967, the ships became flying combat-assault platforms for entire brigades in mass lift operations. More than any other weapon, they enabled the U.S. to fight the guerrillas' kind of war.

Copter pilots, usually men aged 25 and younger, take 32 weeks of flight training, arriving in Viet Nam with at least 210 hours of flying time. Often they fly "pigs-and-rice" or "ash-and-trash" missions—supplying outposts, moving men, carrying mail. "But you do fly six hours a day, rarely over 3,000 feet, and over very wild country," says an Army colonel who did two hitchhikes as a pilot in Viet Nam. "Everything is a challenge."

The helicopter's major military weakness is its vulnerability to enemy fighter planes and antiaircraft fire. In Indochina, where the U.S. was never challenged in the sky, artillery is the chief problem. All told, 4,219 machines have been lost during the war, at least 1,928 of them in combat. Last week the Communist Pathet Lao's representative in Vientiane, Colonel Soth Pethrassay, said that the mountainous terrain in the Laos operation made it especially easy to shoot at U.S. helicopters. "We place three men on each hill, and when the helicopters come in low we can shoot at them in an almost horizontal line," he said. Soth might have been exaggerating his forces' efficiency. But in any case, it will be some time before the South Vietnamese will be able to fill the air with a locust-like swarm of 600 helicopters, as the U.S. did in the Lam Son offensive.

events. Largely as a morale-boosting gesture, he declared a state of emergency. He also issued a *pro-forma* demand that all foreign troops be withdrawn from Laotian soil—while taking care to blame Hanoi for having pioneered the “illegal” route of access and infiltration known as the Ho Chi Minh Trail” years ago. So as not to trigger a Communist stampede into western Laos—an event that would surely shatter Souvanna’s already fragile relations with powerful Laotian rightists—the allies seemed ready to set some un-declared limits on Lam Son operations. There would be no strikes north of

worried, and that’s what we want.”

All along, Nixon had been far less concerned with foreign reaction to the Laos venture than with the response at home. Five days before the invasion, when the President and half a dozen top advisers met to discuss the go/no-go decision, the domestic impact was uppermost in Nixon’s thoughts. The State Department was particularly concerned about rousing dormant peace groups.

At one point during his deliberations, the President said: “There are 18 reasons not to do it and two reasons to do it.” But the two positive reasons were too compelling to ignore, he de-

MIDDLE EAST

No Kisses for Achmed Bond

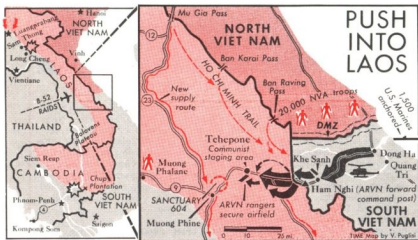
He moves with the speed of an aroused mongoose. His brilliant black eyes swiftly size up the enemies who are always near by—drunken Americans, leering Rhodesians, sipping Portuguese and, particularly, shifty Israelis. His photoelectric brain registers all details equally quickly. His life consists of “violent periods interspersed with short pauses spent in simple pleasures,” but those pleasures include neither smoking nor drinking. Women? With his athlete’s body and his eagle’s profile, he is catnip to the ladies, but he spurns them—particularly those with wanton Western ways. He is a gentle man, except when provoked. “There is a time for diplomacy and there is a time for fighting,” he says. “The time for diplomacy is long past. Violence must be answered with violence.” He is Lieut. Mourad Saber, 32, Agent SM-15 of Algerian counterespionage, and he is at least twice the man that 007 ever was.

So far, the invincible SM-15 has outwitted imperialists, colonialists and Zionists in five books released by the Algerian State Publishing House, *No Phantoms for Tel Aviv*, *Halt Plan Terror*, *Rescue the Fedayeen Girl*, *Vengeance at Gaza* and *Hangmen Also Die* are tailored for Arab readers. The fact that they are printed only in French, however, has restricted their audience in the Arab world. Even so, Saber has won himself a following of camp-conscious European devotees who affectionately refer to him as Achmed Bond.

Indeed, there are numerous similarities between SM-15 and the indefatigable James Bond. Both are equally skillful at planting explosives and pulverizing adversaries. Of course Saber, while he is shooting two South Africans in the head, heroically confesses that he feels “a certain repugnance” toward such necessary bloodshed. Where Bond’s nemesis is the satanic spy network SMERSH, Saber’s is Shin-Bet, the Israeli counterespionage agency, and especially dark-haired, black-eyed Lieut. Colonel Isaiah Shader. (“A true Semite, that one!”)

Saber and Bond also share a masochistic taste for cold showers. But where 007 likes his champagne chilled and his women hot, Saber is a devout Moslem who takes his lemonade without sugar and says “no” in Arabic, English, French, Spanish and Portuguese. “Cover yourself,” he admonishes one toothsome hussy, “you look like a French prostitute.” In *No Phantoms for Tel Aviv*, the delectable Amalia coos, “I have everything you could want,” as she attempts to steal a tape recording from him. Snaps Saber: “I have other things to do.” He has not been nicknamed “Son of God” for nothing.

The Saber series is the work not of an Arab but of a French writer who goes under the pen name Yousef Khader. Explaining his anonymity in a letter



the 17th parallel, which forms the border between the two Viet Nams, or west of Route 23, which runs north-south halfway across the Laotian panhandle. It also seemed likely that the ARVN would be pulled out before the April monsoons.

In general, however, the great ARVN invasion was greeted with yawns in the war-weary capital of Vientiane. On assault day, the North Vietnamese embassy closed its gates at 5 p.m. as usual. When the Buddhist festival of *Makha-bovsa* came up three days later, the entire city of 150,000 shut down—including Vientiane’s three newspapers, none of which had yet got around to reporting the end of the invasion.

New Yalu? Among Hanoi’s backers, Lam Son stirred a predictable frenzy but no definite response. The operation also stirred grave fears on Souvanna Phouma’s part. What if the invasion, like MacArthur’s drive to the Yalu in Korea, alarmed Peking enough to send Chinese troops into the war? Last week Nixon sought to salve Peking by emphasizing that the Laotian thrust posed “no threat” to China.

In Saigon, however, Vice Premier Ky addressed a group of South Vietnamese pilots and suggested that ARVN might “have to cross to the other side of the Ben Hai River” and hit the North Vietnamese on their own ground. Ky’s offhanded talk, one Washington official shrugged, “keeps the enemy

cided. “I might make the wrong decision for the right reasons, but I’ll be damned if I’m going to make the wrong decision for the wrong reasons.” All that mattered, Nixon continued, was the future of the war. He would simply have to take his chances with the home front.

Strident Protests. By and large, the Administration’s public relations strategy proved a success. There were criticisms, to be sure. Averell Harriman, who negotiated the 1962 Geneva agreement providing for a neutral Laos, told a University of Chicago audience last week that “expanding the war to Cambodia and Laos with our unlimited air support is not the way to end the war.” Though there is genuine room for debate on whether it is necessary to fight a war in two countries just to be able to pull out of a third, Harriman’s point went all but unnoticed.

So did strident protests from Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, head of the South Vietnamese Communist delegation at the Paris peace talks, who fired off telegrams to antiwar groups in the U.S. and elsewhere with the appeal: **EARNESTLY CALL YOU MOBILIZE PEACE FORCES YOUR COUNTRY, CHECK U.S. DANGEROUS VENTURES INDOCHINA.** The response was hardly electrifying, further proof of the shrewdness of the Administration’s calculation that it is difficult, after all, to argue with a policy that is steadily reducing the U.S. troop level in Viet Nam.

to the Algerian newspaper *El Moudjahid*, the author said: "These days it is extremely dangerous to denounce the criminal aims of imperialists and Zionists. I cannot reveal my true identity for security reasons."

One Eye Open. Saber is not everybody's idol, even in the Arab world. *El Moudjahid*'s literary critic found the books "lacking in style and humor" and decided that author and hero "ludicrously underestimate the caliber of Israeli agents." But Arabs are momentarily short of other heroes, and so SM-15's cult is growing.

After all, who but Mourad Saber sleeps with one eye open against the militarist, fascist Zionists? Who else could uncover a Central American conspiracy linking the United Fruit Co. and B'nai B'rith? Who else could resist the sensual, calculating Israeli agent Judith Hertz ("You have the body of a goddess but the soul of a devil"? Who else could interrupt an African chase to lecture streetwalkers in Lourenço Marques on the evils of colonialism?

And who but Mourad Saber could steel himself to the charms of Asmaa, daughter of his trustworthy Saudi Arabian assistant? As she served Saber fish soup, "her dress had an outrageously low neckline; her shoulders were bare almost to her breasts. Mourad was not made of wood; he blushed and a shiver went down his spine. 'Asmaa,' he said sternly, 'you lack reserve.'"

Northern Ireland: The Children's War

THE Irish Republican Army, wrote playwright Sean O'Casey in 1967, has "always had two divisions—those who carried bread in one hand and a gun in the other; and those who carried a gun in one hand and a lily in the other—the realist and the romantic." In Northern Ireland last week, the most militant members of the outlawed I.R.A. were carrying neither bread nor lilies, but only guns. Worse, they were using small children in their battles. As Belfast erupted in its worst violence since the 1969 riots between the Protestant majority and the Catholic minority, as many as 40 children were arrested—some under twelve years old.

Often urged on by their mothers, youngsters baited bewildered British troops with cries of "Bastards! Bastards! Bastards!" and then threw rocks, bottles or even bombs, while I.R.A. gunmen lurked in the background. Perplexed by this youthful onslaught, one soldier asked: "How do you arrest a ten-year-old? How do you hit him back?"

Still, some were badly injured or killed. A 14-year-old Catholic boy in Belfast's Ballymurphy district had his hand blown off as he was about to hurl a gelignite bomb at a British patrol. A five-year-old Catholic girl, Denise Dickson, was killed in the New Lodge Road district when a British scout car ran

her over while chasing a gang of youths.

In all, at least ten lives were lost in Northern Ireland last week. Five men were killed when their Land Rover struck a terrorist mine in County Tyrone. On the Ulster-Eire border, a bomb destroyed a customs post. Belfast suffered the greatest destruction. There have been more than 160 bombings during the past year; one suspected firebombing lit up the night sky as nearly \$4.8 million worth of cut timber burned in a lumberyard.

Brutal and Bullying. Much of the current violence can be traced to a militant splinter group of the I.R.A. known as the Provisionals. Unhappy with the official I.R.A.'s inability to protect Catholics from Protestant attacks and its failure to make any headway toward uniting Ulster's six counties with the 26 counties of the Irish Republic, the Provisionals split off from the old guard after the 1969 riots. About five months ago, they began stirring up the Catholics against the 6,900 British troops sent to Ulster to restore peace. It was not difficult to do so, given British domination and often abuse that goes back 800 years.

In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Lansing Lamont, a leader of the Provisionals who insisted on anonymity said that the soldiers have "acted in a

Into the African Bush with Anne and Charles

VITA! VITA! the pretty blonde shouted in Swahili. "Attack! Attack!" There, surrounded by hundreds of Kenyan schoolboys, was Britain's Princess Anne, cheering on the home side's soccer team. The princess, on a fortnight's tour of Kenya with her brother Prince Charles, was visiting a Nairobi home for 1,000 destitute and orphaned African boys. The school is supported by the Save the Children Fund, of which the princess is president.

Later the princess spent a night at Treetops, the game-viewing lodge where, in 1952, her mother became Queen Elizabeth II on the sudden death of King George VI. The first of the Queen's children to visit the spot and keep the traditional all-night vigil for game, Anne protested that she could not photograph a colony of wart hogs below: she was blocked by photographers waiting to photograph her. Brother Charles, who landed a 62-lb. perch in Kenya's Lake Rudolf before setting off on a four-day camel safari in the wild northeast, also had a complaint about the cameramen. "Watch it!" he snapped when one of them discarded some film cartons. "I hope you are not going to leave that litter around in this beautiful country." The photographer picked up the cartons.



PRINCESS ANNE (LEFT) AT NAIROBI SOCCER MATCH



FUNERAL CORTEGE OF FIVE-YEAR-OLD DENISE DICKSON

Neither bread nor lilies—only guns.

most brutal and bullying manner. They've carried out arms raids, searched our homes without warrants, broken and entered them while their owners were out, even ordered families out on the streets in order to commandeer their homes. They've slept in our beds and pilfered our ornaments." The new violence, he claimed, is in reprisal against the British raids. Not that these raids have been unjustified; they have turned up some 500 lbs. of explosives, 185 grenades and gasoline bombs, ten machine guns, 82 rifles, 106 pistols and 50,000 rounds of ammunition in the past year.

But why the violence at this time, when Ulster's Protestant-dominated government has begun to move toward meeting the legitimate demands of the Catholics? The militants apparently have three objectives: 1) to curtail the frequent Protestant demonstrations and, particularly, to alter official plans for this year's "Ulster '71" celebration, marking the 50th anniversary of Ireland's partition; 2) to provoke the army into over-reacting against Catholic rioters, particularly children, in order to win over Catholic moderates who have been increasingly alienated by the militants' bloody tactics; and 3) to prod the populace into a general uprising that would eventually lead to a united Ireland.

Anarchic Slum. With the I.R.A. Provisionals bent on escalating warfare—against Protestants, the British troops and even the Marxist-oriented members of the "official" I.R.A.—London faced some difficult decisions. The British could round up terrorist leaders and intern them under the Special Powers Act, but this might swing the Catholic moderates to the militant cause. The British could withdraw their troops, but then there would be no buffer between Protestants and Catholics. Or London could impose direct rule from West-

minster, but this, too, would unite the Catholics and lead to greater violence.

At week's end, as Prime Minister James Chichester-Clark flew to London to discuss the deteriorating situation with Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath, Belfast was rapidly becoming one great anarchic slum. The "terrible beauty" that, in the words of poet William Butler Yeats, characterized the 1916 Easter Rebellion has become in 1971 a terror without beauty.



IRISH YOUTHS TAUNTING BRITISH TROOPS
"How do you arrest a ten-year-old?"

ITALY

Trying to Take Wing

When Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo became Premier last August after one of Italy's chronic Cabinet imbroglios, a cynical Roman politician ventured a prediction: "Colombo can't last through autumn. This may be precisely why he will." What he meant was that after five governments in 27 months, warring factions in the four-party governing coalition might let things ride for a while. If Colombo, too, were to topple, the result might be expensive and uncertain national elections.

After six months on the job, Colombo, who flies off this week for a five-day U.S. visit that will include a White House conference with President Nixon, has done more than merely hang on. Some Italians are already saying, perhaps prematurely, that he may be the best man in the job since the late Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's premier Premier. Others say that the ascetic, soft-spoken Christian Democrat, whom leftists call "the lay cardinal" for his piety and political skill, has accomplished a political miracle by not only surviving but actually making some progress.

Il Boom. Colombo came to the job with a reputation of being an "uomo preparato" (competent man), a graceful but serious no-nonsense bachelor of 50. His first achievement was to settle, at least temporarily, the bickering over patronage among the four center-left coalition partners—Socialists, Social Democrats, Christian Democrats and Republicans. Next, he kept parliamentary peace by allowing a free vote on Italy's controversial divorce bill. Colombo throttled filibusters by his own right-wingers; in return, Communist Leader Enrico Berlinguer shut off anti-Vatican outbursts from the far left.

Colombo, who is credited with executing the plans charted by Bank of Italy Governor Guido Carli for *il Boom*, also drew up legislation to get the country moving again after a slowdown caused by a wave of strikes. He moved to improve conditions in overcrowded universities and secondary schools. Two weeks ago, he won trade union backing for additional bills improving housing and medical care.

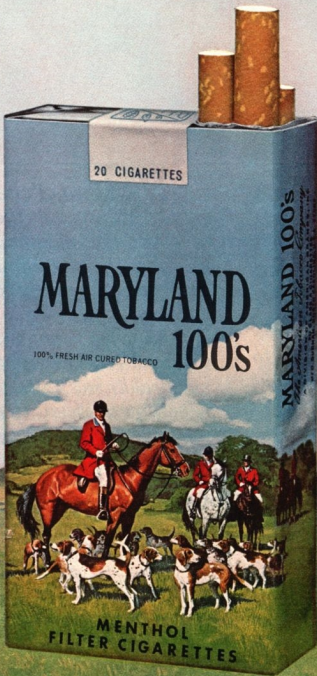
"We are living through a crisis of growth and development in Italy today," Colombo told *Time* Correspondent James Bell during an interview in Rome's Chigi Palace last week. "Many structures of the state have not kept pace with these transformations and today appear to be insufficient." The Premier blamed the lethargic structures of government, which he is trying to change, for allowing bloody street battles to erupt all over Italy in recent months between right- and left-wing extremists. Colombo called out the army as well as the police to quell what he called "these infantile and dangerous attempts by extremists" of both wings to unsettle the center-left coalition. At the same time, in a rare move for an

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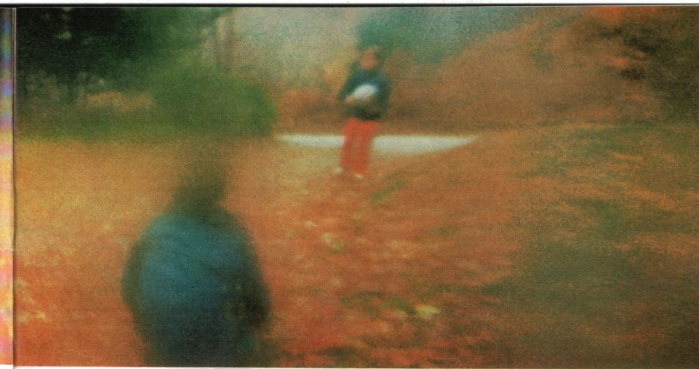
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Italian Premier, he met privately with protesters to hear their demands for social improvements.

No Opening. Despite the help he has received from Italy's large and powerful Communist Party, Colombo vowed that he would never let the party into the government. "We are separated by deep and substantial differences in the conception of the state and the individual," he said. "The center-left is very far from having exercised its entire potential. There is therefore not even a small opening for Communist entry into the government."

The Premier said that he favors a European security conference, one of Moscow's pet projects, as long as "the U.S. also takes part" and there is adequate preparation. "We don't want the conference to be a tribute for speeches."

Colombo, who as Foreign Trade Minister wrote much of the Treaty of Rome that established the six-nation European Common Market, also favors speedy British admission. Eventually he hopes for political alliance among market members, along with the approaching common European currency. "Perhaps a United States of Europe by 1980 is too optimistic," he said, "but we will be far along on that road by then. We must, or Europe's importance in the world will come to an end."

Permanently Grounded. In 1946, when the Elder Statesman Victor Emmanuel Orlando first heard the 26-year-old Colombo deliver a speech before the Constituent Assembly, he said: "Now there is a *colombo* [dove, in Italian] that will fly." What with labor unrest and the upsurge in neo-Fascist rioting, this dove has enough problems to keep him from taking wing for a while. Still, there is a chance—an outside chance, admittedly—that for the first time since De Gasperi retired in 1953, Italy may at last have a Premier who is not permanently grounded.

VITTORIANO BRATTELLI



ITALIAN PREMIER COLOMBO
More than merely hanging on.



BREWERY HORSES DURING MUNICH OKTOBERFEST
Like seeing a chimney sweep.

WEST GERMANY

Not Fit for Horses

Invariably the silence of the early spring morning is broken by the clanking and clanking of horses' hooves on the granite pavement, interspersed with the tinkling of metal and the thumping of wood: the fancy beer wagons on their daily route. This is a sound which Münchener have been accustomed to for as long as they can remember. To them it represents an indigenous symbol of permanence.

So wrote Novelist Thomas Mann in a letter to his brother nearly 60 years ago. Now that symbol of permanence is gone. For 300 years, Munich's storied brewery horses made daily deliveries of Löwenbräu beer to inns in the old part of the city. Pulling up to 50 huge wooden kegs behind them, they managed to slow traffic through Munich's narrow streets to a clippety-clop, but the townsfolk rarely seemed to mind. Encountering a horse-drawn beer wagon had become a good-luck omen, on a par with seeing a chimney sweep. The chesty Belgian-Rhenish geldings, however, have fallen victim to the city's foul air—which a Ludwig Maximilian University study in Munich ranks second only to Tokyo's in pollutants. For their own sake, all 16 of the current crew have been banished to the piney slopes of lower Bavaria to haul timber.

In the past, about the worst the horses were known to suffer was poor teeth—too many sugar cubes from admiring children—and most reached the age of 20 before going to the slaughterhouse. But of late, said Löwenbräu's Heinz Moelter, "their fur lost its gloss, their eyes their shine, and their pulling power declined." Recently, Munich's local Animal Protection Society confirmed what the brewery had suspected. "They informed us that permitting the animals to continue working in Munich's

poisonous atmosphere amounted to sheer cruelty," said Moelter. "Significantly, they didn't mention what the air did to human beings."

The horses will return once a year for Munich's 16-day autumnal beer bust, the Oktoberfest. Then, geared in blue velvet and leather harnesses, they will take up their old station in the Gabelsbergerstrasse and trot out daily to the festival grounds with wagons bearing garlanded but empty wooden kegs. At the same time, fume-belching trucks will deliver the real stuff in aluminum barrels.

CHILE

Allende's Hundred Days

In a downtown commercial district of Santiago, a middle-class businessman shakes his head and declares sadly: "You stop trying to get ahead because you just don't know what is going to happen next." Twenty miles away in the tiny village of Las Vertientes, a local handyman has quit working and spends most days sitting idly in front of his crude shack. "El compañero presidente," he says, "will give us everything we need."

"Comrade President" is Chile's Salvador Allende Gossens, who recently completed his first 100 days as the only Marxist chief of state ever elected by free vote. So far, he has realized neither the businessman's worst fears nor the handyman's impossible dream. He has been more reformist than revolutionary, more populist than Marxist. "He is a better President," concedes an opposition politician, "than he was a candidate." Still, Allende has moved more quickly and forcefully than expected by U.S. officials to direct Chile toward full socialization, and his Communist allies have begun to speak of "making the revolution irreversible." He admits: "I would be a hypocrite if I were to say that I am President of all

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Chileans. There are some who would like to see me fried in oil. But I respect all Chileans and the fact that the law applies to all Chileans."

Settling a Score. In fact, a good many middle- and upper-class Chileans have begun to doubt that claim. Some of Allende's more radical followers have illegally seized some 5,000 houses and apartment units and driven owners off some 750,000 acres of farmland. (The government has legally expropriated nearly 1,800,000 acres.) Allende has asked Congress to pass a law making violent seizures of property a crime punishable by up to three years in prison. But his government has done little or nothing to enforce laws already on the books; in fact, it has ordered police not to use force in evicting the squatters.

The most troubled area is the province of Cautín, 400 miles south of Santiago in the heart of Chile's farming belt. Often at the instigation of the radical group M.I.R. (for *Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionario*), peasants have occupied at least 350 farms, some too small to be legally expropriated. Many of the raiders are impoverished Mapuche Indians who have lived in squalid villages since their tribe was conquered by the Chileans in 1881 and are all too eager to settle a score with the "huincas" (white men). Allende dispatched agriculture Minister Jacques Chonchol to the province in January. In an effort to salvage untended crops on the occupied farms, his ministry contracted with many groups of squatters to take over their operation. The administration evidently hopes that land seizures will end when its own, legal expropriation program, which so far has not relocated a single family, finally gets off the ground.

Fearful that illegal takeovers may spread, Chile's middle and upper classes are becoming increasingly self-conscious about overt displays of wealth. Los Leones, one of Santiago's most elegant country clubs, has opened its manicured golf course and pine-shaded swimming pool to working-class children at least once a week on "*días populares*."

People's Courts. Allende's No. 1 priority has been the full nationalization of Chile's copper mines, many of which are already partly owned by the government. Last week, in a preliminary step toward that goal, a Senate committee gave approval to a constitutional amendment permitting the government takeover and giving Allende wide bargaining powers in compensating the three U.S. corporations (Anaconda, Kennecott and Cerro) who now hold part-ownership. The companies are claiming that they have invested over \$1 billion in the mines; the government is unlikely to set the sum anywhere near that high. How Allende conducts these negotiations will determine the state of U.S.-Chilean relations for some time to come. Whatever the results, there is some doubt as to the immediate benefits for Chile: the world price for copper has

tumbled from 88¢ to 48¢ per pound in the past year. That drop could further worsen Chile's current 9% rate of unemployment, already up from 6.4% in November because of dire business uncertainty about Allende.

The government's plans to nationalize banking ran up against opposition from the Christian Democrats, whose 75 votes in the 200-seat Congress are necessary to assure passage of any legislation proposed by Allende's leftist coalition. The President, however, is getting around that barrier by purchasing private bank stock with government bonds; the regime has already bought 20% of all bank shares by this method, though it controls only three non-government banks outright.

Allende has not yet found a way, how-

do," replies the peasant. "But I've got two chickens."

For the time being, however, Allende has never been more popular with Chileans at large. He has distributed some 5,230 tons of powdered milk in a heroic (though not quite successful) effort to keep his campaign pledge to provide a quart of milk a day for every Chilean under 15. His government has ordered 500,000 pairs of shoes for free distribution to rural schoolchildren. He has refused to permit the customary presidential portrait to be hung in government buildings and budgeted the savings to rural health programs. By imposing price controls, he hopes to shrink inflation from 34.9% in 1970 to 10% this year.

During a recent appearance at his



PEASANTS GUARDING OCCUPIED FARM IN CAUTÍN PROVINCE WITH SHOTGUNS

ever, to skirt the Christian Democrats on another issue. He has thus been forced to abandon temporarily his plan to set up "people's courts" to hear cases involving drunkenness, family quarrels and other minor offenses that rarely go before the regular judiciary. The opposition feared that the proposed courts, like people's tribunals in China, might also start doling out punishment for "counter-revolutionary" behavior.

There is considerable skepticism as to whether Chile's masses will continue to support Allende's "revolution" when their turn comes to make sacrifices. A current joke making the rounds in Santiago's cocktail circuit has a government official explaining the "new Chile" to a peasant. "If you have two houses, the state takes one and you keep the other," says the official. "I understand," replies the peasant. "If you have two cars, the same," the official continues. His listener again nods. "It is the same if you have two chickens," the official adds, but the peasant interrupts angrily: "Oh, no, it's not." "But I thought you understood," says the official. "I



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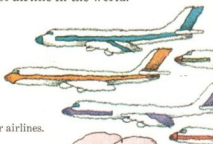


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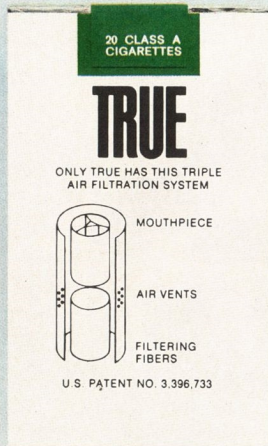
The 1971 Buicks are waiting for you to test-drive now.



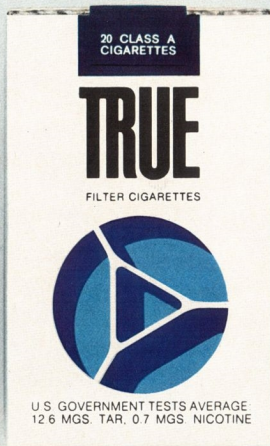
1971 Buick. Something to believe in.



If the
back of the True
pack doesn't
convince you, the front will.



True's exclusive tar and nicotine
reduction system.



True is lower in tar and nicotine than
99% of all other cigarettes sold.

Think about it. Doesn't it all add up to True?

U.S. Gov't tests of all cigarette brands: High—31.0 mgs. tar, 2.2 mgs. nicotine. Low—2.0 mgs. tar, 0.1 mgs. nicotine.

summer White House in Valparaiso, Allende heard a peasant in the cheering crowd shout: "Compañero Presidente, this arm of mine will work 20 times harder than before the people came to power!" Allende's first measurable test of popularity will come in a nationwide round of municipal elections in early April, when he hopes that his "Popular Unity" front will win control of Chile's major cities. To keep things as calm as possible, the President has announced that a planned visit by Fidel Castro has been postponed until after that vote.

ANTIGUA

Bye-Bye, Bird

For 34 years, a onetime Salvation Army captain named Vere Cornwall Bird has dominated the Caribbean island of Antigua, first as boss of its sugarcane workers' union, later as chief minister and then, after Britain granted associate statehood in 1967, as Premier. Bird, now 63, turned Antigua into a jet-age Cannes of the Caribbean, complete with 33 hotels drawing 65,000 tourists annually, a casino, an oil refinery and such illustrious sojourners as Dean Acheson, Andre Kostelanetz and Aristotle Onassis. His reward was to hear 70,000 Antiguanus sing happy calypsos praising "Papa Bird."

By last week, when Antigua staged its parliamentary elections, the tune had changed. Outside the Green House, his state residence in St. Johns, Bird was often taunted by children who poked cruel fun at his wart-pocked face. Opponent George Herbert Walter, a former Birdman who established a rival political party and labor union four years ago, coined the slogan: "Spread the word, sweep out Bird." Walter, 32, charged that Antigua's prosperity was cruelly selective. He said that the hotels and refinery hired Antiguanus for menial work but reserved the best jobs for whites, that the casino collected millions but paid a mere \$100,000 yearly in fees, and that the government had sold off choice beachfront property at fire-sale prices and did not even collect taxes on some of it. Meanwhile, Antiguanus were beset by a 40% unemployment rate, inadequate sewers and waterlines, overcrowded classrooms, bad telephone service and a \$30 million debt.

No Election. In the election, Walter's Progressive Labor Movement picked up 14 seats in Parliament, leaving only three for Bird's Antigua Labor Party. In the race in St. Johns, Papa even lost his own private perch to Walter's younger brother.

Some Antiguanus saw the results as a warning to other longtime Caribbean leaders like Trinidad-Tobago's Eric Williams, Jamaica's Hugh Shearer and Robert Bradshaw of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla. Crowded the jubilant Walter: "There are no more gods in the black Caribbean."

HAITI

Enter Mama Doc

Citizen Doctor François Duvalier . . . has chosen Citizen Jean-Claude Duvalier to succeed him to the Presidency for Life of the Republic. Does this choice answer your aspirations and your desires? Do you ratify it?

Last week 2,391,916 residents of Haiti voted *oui* to "Papa Doc" Duvalier's proposal that he be succeeded by his hulking son, Jean-Claude, 19. If anybody voted *non*, the Port-au-Prince papers did not mention it.

Most educated Haitians who are acquainted with the 200-lb. "Baskethead," as Jean-Claude is known, are said to be less hostile to the idea of his suc-

cession than skeptical. If any of Duvalier's four children appears to have the sort of killer instinct demanded by the job, they reason, it would be his eldest daughter, the plump and hard-driving Marie-Denise (Dédé), 29. Dédé is so strong willed, in fact, that she is sometimes called "Mama Doc."

In 1966, Dédé decided to marry Max Dominique, the tall (6-ft. 6-in.), handsome presidential officer who stood behind her father on ceremonial occasions. Papa Doc was enraged; he had wanted a lighter-skinned son-in-law, and Max was very black. But Dédé won. Max was ordered to divorce his wife, who was paid a rumored \$30,000 before she and her two children were shipped off to Jamaica.

In 1967, while Max was commanding

LYNN PELHAM—RAPPO GUILLUMETTE



DÉDÉ DUVALIER (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH MOTHER, FATHER & HUSBAND



PAPA DOC & JEAN-CLAUDE

Port-au-Prince's military district, a letter turned up on Papa Doc's desk accusing him and 19 other officers of plotting against the government. The other 19 were executed, but Dédé managed to coax her father into sparing her husband. She and Max were allowed to go into exile, and Max became Haiti's Ambassador to Spain. Eighteen months later, Dédé returned to Port-au-Prince and deftly arranged the removal of her enemies from her father's palace staff. When Max arrived three months later, he was given a royal welcome.

The ambitious Dédé Duvalier Dominique is, in short, the only person anyone can remember who has engaged in a battle of wits with Papa Doc and survived. And local *bocors* (voodoo witch doctors) claim that she, alone among Duvalier's brood, is his "spiritual daughter." Jean-Claude seems certain to wind up wearing the presidential sash, but it seems equally likely that Dédé and Max will run things once the ailing Papa Doc, 63, takes his leave.

PEOPLE

So great was the excitement before the single Royal Albert Hall performance of **Arthur Honegger's** stage oratorio, *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, that the *Observer* compared it to the time in September 1968 when Pianist **Daniel Barenboim** was warned that he was going to be shot during a concert. The big attraction, however, was not murder; the oratorio was bringing together the professional talents of the recently married lovers **Mia Farrow** and **Andre Previn**, she as Joan, he as conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and a children's choir. The critics were cool. "Though often touching," said the *Daily Telegraph*, Mia was "lightweight casting for a part that demands uninterrupted inner concentration and the vocal range of a great actress."

President **Richard Nixon** has more in common with grass-roots America than many people realize: he has a cousin on welfare. **Philip Milhous**, 55, whose father was the President's uncle, lost his small chain-saw business in Grass Valley, Calif., after he had a heart attack in 1966. Welfare and Social Security payments were not enough; his wife **Anna**, 47, has rheumatoid arthritis, and they needed someone to help keep house. The Milhouses turned to the California Rural League Assistance project, recently under attack by Governor Reagan for inadequate service to the poor. Within days of CRLA intervention, the state agreed to supply Phil and Anna Milhous with money for a helper, though no funds were made available for transportation to a doctor. White House Press Secretary **Ronald L. Ziegler** noted that the Cousins Milhous, "a very self-reliant family," had been quoted as seek-

ing no aid from Nixon. The President, he said, was "proceeding on that basis." In an interview with London's *Sunday Telegraph*, the President recalled his own family's insistence on self-reliance. During the '30s, when his brother **Harold** was bedridden with tuberculosis, his parents refused to send him to a county hospital. Instead, they borrowed the money for private hospital care. They felt it was morally wrong "to accept help from the Government."

The world's No. 1 collector of Picassos is **Pablo Picasso**. He is especially possessive about his construction sculpture; no museum owned a single example of his work in this art form until last week, when Manhattan's **DAVID GALL**



SCULPTURE & AMBASSADOR
Together.

Diplomats are expected to do their best to get to be an *courant* with the fundamental developments in art, as in everything else. Therefore Russian Ambassador to France **M. Valerian Zorin** kept his eyes peeled as he moved through the recent opening of the annual "Painters, Witness of Their Times" show in Paris. Going in the opposite direction was **Brigitte Bardot**—not exactly the living end, but a sculpture by Mouglin.

How is **Richard Nixon** like **Julius Caesar**? According to Author **Theodore H. White** (*The Making of The President*), Nixon faces the same temptation to transcend the law of the land. Before a rehearsal of his first play, *Caesar at the Rubicon*, at Princeton University's McCarter Theater, owlish politicophile White, 55, noted that Caesar's problems "were reborn with the American Constitution. We were the first republic under the law since Rome." Within five years after crossing the Rubicon, said White, "Caesar had become dictator and god, master of the world. He had placed himself outside the law. It is a temptation, I think, all Presidents and all men who aspire to great power face." Even so, Author White feels that the United States is at least half a century away from the possibility of anything like Caesarian takeover. "There is, however, a real threat of a dictatorship by power blocs and through mass manipulation. But I have great faith in the ability of our communications media to protect us."

Playwright **Arthur Kopit**—who is best known for his hit, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*—is now busy working on a new screenplay. Its Kipital title, which is presumably half the creative battle: *Good Morning, Berenger! How's Everything Today? Not Bad? That's Good.*

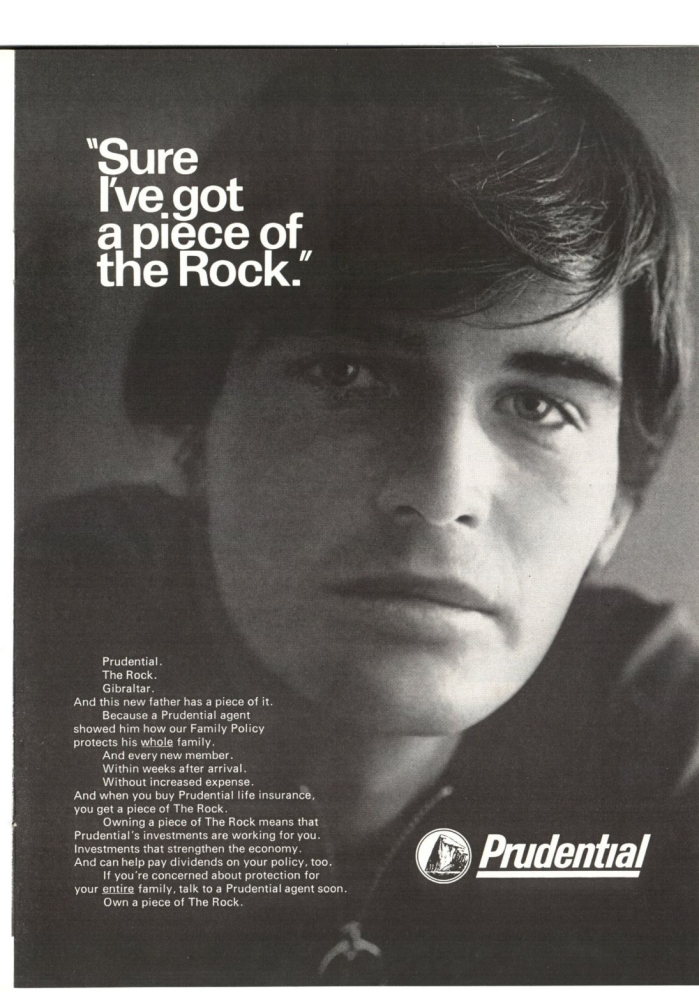


PICASSO'S "GUITAR"
Assembled.

seum of Modern Art announced that Picasso has given it one of the great breakthrough pieces in the history of sculpture—his sheet-metal and wire *Guitar*. Until he made *Guitar* in 1911 or 1912, sculpture had been mainly a matter of modeling or carving materials. Picasso was the first to begin assembling them, and this has been a prime sculptural technique ever since. According to the museum's chief curator of the painting and sculpture collection, **William S. Rubin**, who visited him early this month, Picasso said that he had done the Cubistic *Guitar* before experimenting with collage, a revelation upsetting the generally accepted theory that construction sculpture derives from the pasting together of materials. Rubin's impression of the 89-year-old genius was "not only of a man looking decades younger than his years, but of a man whose passion and energy are still overwhelming."



ANNA & PHILIP MILHOUS
Self-reliant.



"Sure
I've got
a piece of
the Rock."

Prudential.
The Rock.
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And this new father has a piece of it.

Because a Prudential agent
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If you're concerned about protection for
your entire family, talk to a Prudential agent soon.
Own a piece of The Rock.



Prudential

SCIENCE

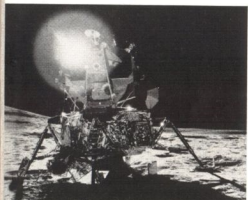
The Return of "Kitty Hawk"



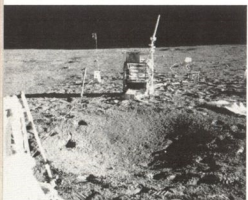
RICKSHA TRACKS IN DUST



SHEPARD EXAMINES BOULDER



"ANTARES" AT LANDING SITE



SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT STATION

MITCHELL WALKING ON MOON

HIGH above the Pacific, some 900 miles south of American Samoa, the spacecraft suddenly plummeted from the sky. A voice crackled over the radio: "Things are looking good." Then, in clear view of the recovery task force and millions of television watchers round the world, three big white-and-orange-striped parachutes unfurled, braking the descent of Apollo 14's command module, *Kitty Hawk*. Moments later, only 900 yards off the predicted target and just four seconds behind schedule, the heat-seared ship splashed into the water in a spectacular finale to man's third and most successful expedition to the surface of the moon.

Extra Poundage. Less than an hour later, the three Apollo 14 astronauts boarded the helicopter carrier *New Orleans*, stepped inside a mobile quarantine van and began their 21-day journey back to Houston. "We have had a terrific flight," said Apollo 14's skipper, Alan Shepard. He and his fellow travelers were in high spirits and apparently good health, and doctors later discovered that Shepard had actually gained weight (1 lb.) during his 941.825-mile journey. Indeed, the astronauts' condition—and the fact that no alien organisms had been found on the Apollo 11 and 12 spacecraft—strongly suggested that the lunar travelers' 21-day quarantine is unnecessary; it probably will not be imposed on the next mission.

In Houston, mission controllers jubilantly lit up traditional splashdown cigars, bottles of champagne were uncorked, and celebrations expanded at the homes of the astronauts. After watching her husband Stu on TV, Joan Roosa bubbled: "He looked like the most handsome man I have ever seen in my life."

Only slightly less overjoyed were high NASA officials, who badly needed a morale booster after congressional cuts in

the space agency's appropriations, the near-disastrous flight of Apollo 13 last April, and the recent successes of Soviet space robots. Indeed, the unmanned moon rover, Lunokhod 1—which came back to life last week on the lunar surface 900 miles north of Apollo 14's Fra Mauro landing site—seemed very much on the mind of Acting NASA Administrator George Low. The flight of Apollo 14, Low said, "demonstrated that man belongs in space, that man can achieve objectives well beyond the capabilities of any machine that has yet been devised." Although he has not been overly enthusiastic about the space program lately, President Nixon also was exhilarated. "You gave all of us older fellows hope," he told Shepard, who at 47 is the oldest American ever to venture into space.

Puzzling Boulder. Scientists were equally pleased. Even before the astronauts returned, astronomers at McDonald Observatory in Texas reported that they had managed to bounce laser beams off the newly placed corner reflector at Fra Mauro; such experiments may provide valuable clues to the movements of the earth's crust and the slight wobble of the globe (see following story) as it spins on its axis. The rest of the \$25 million package of experiments deployed by the astronauts also performed extremely well under unusually trying circumstances; four days after the instruments were set up in the lunar highlands, there was an eclipse of the moon. As the earth passed between the sun and the moon, blocking the solar rays, temperatures at Fra Mauro plunged from 154.1° F. to -153° F., a drop of more than 300° within only a few hours. The sturdy instruments survived the drastic change and continued transmitting data back to earth.

As they began their investigation of Apollo 14's 96 lbs. of rock, equal to the total haul from Apollo 11 and 12, geologists in Houston were optimistic that the samples would yield new and important facts about the moon. Dr. Robin Brett, chief of the Manned Spacecraft Center's geochemistry branch, noted that "in a preliminary look, the rocks appear to be quite different from what we saw on Apollo 11 and 12." Since most lunar rocks are gray, the geologists were particularly eager to analyze a fragment chipped from a puzzling white boulder that the astronauts spotted on the slope of Fra Mauro's Cone Crater. The odd white sample, which contains a few dark flecks and streaks, may be as old as the moon and solar system: 4.6 billion years. As insurance against any loss of Apollo 14's precious cargo, NASA divided the rocks into two batches for the trip to Houston, shipping one with the astronauts





The cigarette holder works like the tip of a Parliament.

Like a Parliament, a cigarette holder has a sturdy shell to bite on.

And like a Parliament, some holders have filters—inside—away from your lips. So you just taste good, clean flavor.

In short, a Parliament does what a cigarette holder does.

It works.

King Size and Charcoal 100's.



It works like a cigarette holder works.

Driving your own Continental gives you a sense of certain security.

Lincoln Continental for 1971 brings a new dimension of substance and authority to the luxury car owner. Neither flashy nor commonplace, this new Lincoln Continental carries the look of confidence and innate good taste as naturally as those who own it.

Continental Mark III—bold in concept, dramatic in execution—is the true personal luxury car. It's a pride to own. A delight to drive. And always a very clear expression of your own individuality.

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Sure-Track, the industry's first computer-controlled anti-

skid braking system, is standard equipment on Continental Mark III, optional on Lincoln Continental. Far faster than any driver could, Sure-Track automatically pumps and releases the brakes to help avoid rear wheel lockup on slippery pavements. Michelin steel-belted radial ply tires and power front disc brakes are standard.

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holds the interior temperature within the comfort range you preselect, regardless of the weather outside.

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The timepiece in the Mark III is not a clock at all, but a true chronometer from the famous jeweler, Cartier.

Resale value: it tells you something.

No one thing tells you more about a car than the price people are willing to pay for a previously owned one.

And today, at trade-in, a Continental can prove to be an extraordinarily sound investment.

In fact, based on NADA wholesale prices, Continental Mark III continues to return a high proportion of its original manufacturer's suggested price and so has an enviable high resale value.

See your dealer about a Continental. Your first drive will demonstrate to you that a Lincoln Continental or Continental Mark III is more than just another luxury car.

These are America's most distinctive cars. Apart and above. At the top of the class.

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THE CONTINENTALS

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Seagram Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.



To hoard Crown Royal
is human;
to pour it freely
is divine.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. Understandably expensive.

and the other by special courier plane. So expertly had the astronauts operated as field geologists, that on future trips, said Paul Gast, the space center's chief lunar scientist, moon visitors should be given greater freedom to explore on their own.

Shepard and his fellow moon walker, Ed Mitchell, shared that view. In a televised news conference from space, they insisted that their spine-tingling climb up the side of 400-ft.-high Cone Crater was not overly fatiguing and that it was cut short 100 yds. or so from the crater's rim only because time was running out. But they still seemed to disagree on one point, Mitchell, who had wanted to continue the hike over Shepard's protestations, said the rolling, boulder-strewn terrain made it extremely difficult for them to keep their bearings. "You simply couldn't see more than 100 to 150 yards away and see landmarks," said Mitchell.

Pictures taken by the astronauts on the moon and released at week's end seemed to support his opinion; all showed a nearby and relatively featureless horizon that would make it difficult for explorers to get their bearings. But Shepard demurred. "I don't believe that we were disoriented or lost at any time," he insisted.

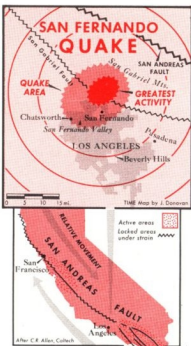
Smoking Rille. There was no disagreement, however, on Shepard's ability as the moon's first golfer. Even though he confessed that he had missed his first one-handed swing, Shepard said that he drove the second a couple of hundred yards in the weak lunar gravity and the third about 400 yards. "Not bad for a six-iron," he boasted. "Let me add, there wasn't any green in sight," said Mitchell.

NASA was too elated by the mission to quibble over such shenanigans. For all Apollo 14's technical flaws on the outbound leg—the balky docking mechanism, the mysterious voltage decline in a battery, the switch glitch involving the lunar lander's computer—the voyage home was close to perfection. Basking in the glow of the successful mission, NASA officials allowed the crew members of the next American moonshot to take time out from their training to describe their mission in July. Apollo 15 should be an extraordinary flight. After swooping down over mountains 5,400 ft. high, Astronauts Dave Scott and James Irwin will touch down a mile away from Hadley Rille, a snaking 2-mile-wide canyon 700 miles northeast of Fra Mauro. During their 66 hours on the moon—twice the duration of Apollo 14's lunar stay—they plan to venture out of their LM on three moonwalks for periods of up to seven hours and distances as far as five miles. Chances are, however, that even so they will exert themselves less than the Apollo 14 astronauts did; their longer excursions will be made in the first self-propelling, manned vehicle ever to traverse the moon—a four-wheeled battery-powered lunar rover.

A Shock to Seismologists

Jolting as it was for Californians, last week's earthquake was even more of a shock to scientists. In a typical year, the Golden State is the site of 300 noticeable quakes, and seismologists have long predicted that a major quake is overdue. Yet the San Fernando quake struck an area that has been seismically inactive at least since the end of the last Ice Age—about 10,000 years ago. The region was still trembling when scores of scientists arrived with their portable instruments, anxious to find out why they had been caught so completely by surprise.

That will not be easy. California is perched on the so-called "Ring of Fire,"



—an earthquake- and volcano-prone region that circles the Pacific Basin. It reaches as far south as New Zealand on the west, north through Japan, across the Aleutians and down the coast of the Americas on the east. Only recently have geophysicists begun to understand what stokes the ring's "fires." The seismic activity, they think, is the result of slow, creeping movements of the Pacific Ocean floor against the continental margins that surround it. In California, these movements have produced a distinctive, local effect: a 600-mile fissure in the earth called the San Andreas fault, which begins in the Gulf of California, runs through most of the state, and then bends into the Pacific north of San Francisco. Furthermore, the sliver of land west of the fault, which includes Los Angeles, tends to move inexorably to the northwest, at a molasses-like average pace of an inch or so a year. Slow as that movement is, friction between the land masses causes

them to stick together, and strains gradually build up. When the accumulating strain finally reaches the breaking point, the pent-up energy is suddenly released and results in violent shifting of land.

Wobbling Earth. Strangely enough, last week's tremors did not occur along the San Andreas fault or any of the active faults that are associated with it. They originated some distance away, along a swath roughly 20 miles long, running at approximately right angles to the big fault. It is in this area that the San Gabriel Mountains, north of Los Angeles, meet the San Fernando Valley. Judging by ruptures in this surface and readings from their instruments, scientists concluded that the mountains had either pushed a few feet over the valley, or that the valley had thrust underneath the mountains. However they occurred, the sudden, complex movements led to a significant quake—strong enough to tumble walls and knock down highway bridges.

Some scientists speculated that the gravitational forces exerted by the direct alignment of the sun, moon and earth during last week's lunar eclipse may have been sufficiently strong to trigger the release of the forces slowly stored up in a long inactive fault zone. Others thought that the quake might be connected with the slight eccentric movements of the spinning earth known as Chandler's Wobble. Such wobbling can displace the earth's axis of rotation at the poles by as much as 70 ft. during a year. In addition, there is a seven-year cycle of daily motion, which reaches a peak this year. Indeed, Dr. Charles Whitten of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, had presented data last summer suggesting that there might be an increase in major earthquake activity this year as a result of an increase in the amount of wobble. Other scientists were skeptical. Says Caltech Geophysicist Don Anderson: "We don't know if quakes cause the wobble or the wobble the quakes."

About one thing, however, scientists were agreed. The slow, steady buildup of strain that has long been taking place along the San Andreas fault was not released by the quake. In fact, land on opposite sides of the fault remained ominously still during the tremors. Seismologist Jerry Eaton of the National Center for Earthquake Research at Menlo Park, Calif., for one, thinks that the stress along the fault—which is already considerable—may even have been increased. In any case, most scientists are convinced that the stored-up energy must eventually be freed. That would cause a far more powerful quake than University of Michigan Physicist Peter Franken gloomily predicts could—if it struck in a populated area like Los Angeles or San Francisco—injure and kill tens of thousands of people. When will that day of seismic reckoning come? "Tomorrow or in a hundred years," says Caltech Geophysicist Clarence Allen. "I don't know."

In 1916, when a man came home from a day's work, he'd



often bring home something for the whole family. Tuberculosis.

In those days what people didn't know about TB could fill a cemetery.

Men would bring it home from the factory.

Or their children would bring it home from school.

The disease spread because sanitary conditions everywhere, including the home, were so bad.

That's how much of America lived in those days. And died.

In 1916, Metropolitan Life did something about it. With help from The National Tuberculosis Association, a medical team was organized to go to a typical sick town to try to make it well. The town that cooperated was Framingham, Mass.

Free TB tests were given. A treatment center and a children's health camp were started. And to prevent TB, people were taught things about hygiene they never knew before.

The experiment ended after seven years. And cut the death rate by 70 percent, better perhaps than anyone had ever expected.

Today, organizations are solving public health problems, using techniques that were originated in Framingham.

What was just an idea 55 years ago is common practice today.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.



THE THEATER

Spirited Skull-Puzzler

To see a distinctive play distinctively performed at Lincoln Center is rather like finding a tree in Death Valley. Well, the age of miracles has not passed. The revival of Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* at the 299-seat Forum Theater has been directed with a sure and sensitive hand by Jules Irving, and the actors not only seem to be comfortable with each other, but also to cherish the play. They deliver their lines with an easy fluency that makes the drama itself a spirited pleasure rather than a tortuous skull-puzzler.

Perhaps the highest compliment that may be paid to their mutual work is that they raise Pinter's first full-length drama to virtually equivalent rank with such later, more lavishly acclaimed dramas as *The Caretaker* and *The Homecoming*. Actually, *The Birthday Party* seems to possess a more vivid symbolic imagery and a greater sense of motion than the other two plays. Like *Waiting for Godot*, although in a totally ominous sense, this is a play about waiting. Stanley (Robert Phalen) is a piano-playing recluse hiding out as a boarder in a small provincial town. The landlady (Betty Field) has a letch for him, and her husband (Ray Fry) treats him as a son. Stanley has apparently betrayed some secret organization.

A sentimental Jew, Goldberg (Robert Symonds), and a defrocked Irish priest, McCann (John Markins), come to get Stanley. They riddle him with a barrage of non sequiturs, lobotomize his mind, and since he can only make horrible animal noises at the end of the play, there is a suggestion that they have cut out his tongue, which could be the penalty for squealing.

Grisly stuff, one might think, but not so, thanks to Pinter's sense of the ludicrous and his love of vaudeville and word juggling. While tickling the mind and pricking the skin, Pinter makes one giggle and gasp in the same breath.

■ T.E. Kalem

Of Law, Duty and Conscience

Even within the wide latitudes accorded drama at the present, Father Daniel Berrigan's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is a play in name only. It is a documentary recital of evidence presented at the trial of Berrigan, his brother Philip and seven other Catholic defendants in connection with the napalm burning of draft records at Catonsville, Md. Insofar as it can be classified, *Nine* falls within the area of the theater of fact. The subjects discussed have particular pertinence for a U.S. audience: the maltreatment of blacks, the exploitation of the poor in Latin American countries, the war in Viet Nam. This is an appeal to the Christian conscience by people who have borne witness to their own.

The testimony is both graphic and



TRIAL SCENE FROM "CATONSVILLE NINE"
Under the aspect of eternity.

moving, and it takes two forms. There is an outward and an inward questioning, both of which led to the self-proclaimed "radicalization" of the defendants. The outward questioning consists of an account of conditions in other countries for which the Catonsville Nine hold the U.S. morally culpable. For example, Defendant George Mische testifies:

*Where it was most terrible your Honor
was in the Dominican Republic
A man like Trujillo
ran that country for 32 years
When someone dared talk
about social change or social reform
they would go into his house
take the head of the family out of
the house
cut off his penis
put it in his mouth
cut off his arms and legs
drop them in the doorway*

The inward questioning concerns the duty of a Christian when he finds himself confronted by public evil. Father Daniel Berrigan speaks:

*The world expects—these are the words of
Camus—the world expects that Christians will
speak out loud and clear . . .
The world expects
that Christians will get away from
abstractions
and confront the bloodstained face
which history has taken on today
The grouping we need is a grouping
of men
resolved to speak up clearly and
pay up personally.*

Civil disobedience is scarcely a historical novelty in the U.S. One of Gandhi's heroes was Thoreau, and the Berrigan brothers and their co-defendants

have undoubtedly joined a goodly company of history's righteously angry men. However, a less impassioned perspective than that of Daniel Berrigan requires one to say that the U.S. is simply not so criminally degraded and steeped in blood lust as the Catonsville Nine apparently take it to be. Some may wonder if a confusion of realms is not involved, as in the distinction that Shakespeare made in *Henry V* specifically concerning a war: "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." In any event, the Christian does not live in the shadow of a calendar but under the aspect of eternity, and that is the judgment to which the Catonsville Nine have ultimately submitted themselves.

■ T.E.K.

The Patient Is the Disease

When one attends a Chekhov play, one does not, strictly speaking, go to the theater. One drops in on life. No stethoscope is needed to detect the heartbeat of existence. Chekhov may be the best imaginable argument for a playwright's having some other occupation.

As a physician, Chekhov focused on life instead of zeroing in on a desk, a blank piece of paper and some obsessive fantasy or other. As a doctor, he knew that to some degree the patient is the disease. A doctor with a tragic sense is aware that all of his patients will die, even the ones whom he has helped to cure. In the meantime, there is the interminable process of living. Diagnosis is simply a gauge for determining what stage the wasting-away process has reached. Chekhov is a great diagnostician, a man with an immensely vital sense of life on the wane.

Uncle Vanya is a tale of stunted, shunted, desiccated lives. "Can these bones live?" one might ask of the characters. They do in this lovingly fleshed-out revival of the play by off-Broadway's Roundabout Theater, under its able and adventurous director, Gene Feist.

The stage comes to life like an animated family album. Professor Sebrayakov (Thayer David), an aged pedant with a book-lined skull, one of the eternal fourth-raters of the life of the mind. His second wife Helena (Elizabeth Owens), a pampered young tigress on a sick old husband's fretful leash. Dr. Astrov (Winston May), pickled in vodka and suffocating in a town that the god of civilization forgot. Uncle Vanya (Sterling Jensen), who has turned his life into bread for the professor and been bitterly cheated of even the crumbs. Sonya, a flower of a girl, blooming without sun, air or water, and snapped in two by unrequited love. In this role, Julie Garfield makes emotion lambent with a moving grace and ardor that would have brought tears of pride to the eyes of her father, John Garfield.

Bravo to all! The New York theater gives us relatively few occasions to rejoice. This is one of them.

■ T.E.K.

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CINEMA



STRIKERS IN "RAMPARTS OF CLAY"
Like looking at the sun.

The Wretched of the Earth

The Atlantic has been aptly described as a river; the earth as a contracting ball. Thus when a tribe of primitives suddenly surfaces in a magazine or a movie, it comes first as a shock and then as a consolation. The century is not quite so pervasive as it seemed; somewhere, time has stopped.

For the villagers in *Ramparts of Clay*, yesterday, today and tomorrow are one. The muezzin's chant, the shepherd's flock, the inexorable rhythms of the desert—all seem to have been delivered whole from the verses of the Koran. In Director Jean-Louis Bertucelli's first feature, that isolation has the dimension of tragedy. Though France has granted Tunisia her independence and social change has been promised, the citizenry are still degraded, the colonial mind is still at work.

Bertucelli begins with an excerpt from Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*. It makes the not very unique observation that bourgeois influence does not vanish when the bourgeoisie departs. Fortunately Bertucelli then propels language into gesture and diurnal life into dramatic text. *Ramparts of Clay* has but one vital incident. A company official travels a great distance to pay the quarriers of the village. The wages are arbitrarily halved; the men go on a sit-down strike. Soldiers are called in, ringing the strikers who cannot join their families a few hundred yards away. Food is denied them, then sleep, then peace. Still the men remain as immobile as desert rocks.

In the end, the functionary surrenders, calls off the troops and moves out. The pocket revolution has succeeded, and

now the village sinks back into its archaic life. Only one girl, Rima (Leila Schenna), cannot return to the old ways. Somehow she has responded to the clamorous century outside the village walls. In a galvanic move, she runs away into the parched land, farther, farther, until she becomes an imperceptible part of it.

Bleached by Sun. Such elementary symbolism has a superficial resemblance to primitive art. Actually *Ramparts of Clay* is one of the most sophisticated protest films ever made. Like *The Battle of Algiers*, it is a re-creation of an actual incident, recalled in a spirit of quiet fury. Working with only two professional actors, the maiden and the official, Bertucelli persuaded the inhabitants of a remote village—who had never seen a motion-picture camera—to perform their lives without a trace of self-consciousness or restraint. As a result, watching *Ramparts of Clay* is like looking at the sun—almost unendurable for long. The ritual slaughter of a ram, for instance, becomes a cataract of blood and pain.

There is not enough dialogue in the film to cover a gravestone; nonetheless the folk chants commemorating the dead fall on the ear like sonnets, the ululations of the women like a biblical plague. Adapted from a sociological study, *Ramparts* seems to have begun as a propaganda movie. It has succeeded, but not as intended. Its politics have been diverted by the villagers and bleached by the African sun. If this evocative work manages to "sell" anything, it is the idea of Jean-Louis Bertucelli, 28, as a director of fresh and major significance.

■ Stefan Kanfer

The Piper's Price

There is a vital difference between black humor and antic violence. Dark comedy requires a point of view, plus a consistent thread of absurdity that allows the audience to suspend belief. Writer-Cartoonist Jules Feiffer does not lack a point of view, but in his first screenplay, *Little Murders*, the thread of absurdity snaps so often that the film becomes little more than a succession of insane horrors.

The film revolves around a middle-class family trapped in modern urban madness. No such setting would be complete these days without Elliott Gould. As Alfred, a photographer who specializes in snapshots of excrement, he is your average apathetic male set upon by a conventionally aggressive female named Patsy (Marcia Rodd). Her pursuit of Alfred is typical Feiffer: overpowering femininity frustrated by Silly Putty masculinity. Her father (Vincent Gardenia) bellows like the urban Babbitt he is while Mom amuses Alfred with pictures of her dead son. Another sibling snivels around the apartment in sexual ambiguity.

Dance now, says Feiffer, pay the piper later. It is a terrible price. Patsy is murdered in Alfred's arms by an anonymous sniper, and a grisly, incoherent tale of urban warfare ensues. Doors are padlocked, windows are shuttered, rifles are broken out. A paranoid detective (Alan Arkin) tries to solve Patsy's murder—and 344 other unsolved killings—amid drumfire volleys of sniper fire. Alfred lapses into catatonia, reviving just in time to command a witless, meaningless shooting spree.

Much of the fault here is probably Arkin's, who directs as well as performs. His film work is grotesquely diffuse. Gould's inability to bring any form or sense to his role is more ominous; lately, perhaps because of overexposure, he seems capable only of self-parody.

■ Mark Goodman



GOULD COMMITTING "LITTLE MURDERS"
Snapping the thread of absurdity.

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about Seagram's 7 Crown**





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THE LAW

New Attacks on Discrimination

"Figures speak, and when they do, courts listen," noted the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. The plaintiff was Andrew Hawkins, a black carpenter living in Shaw, Miss. (pop. 2,500). His figures were devastating. Though 60% of Shaw's citizens are black, white areas monopolize the town's sewers, fire hydrants, water mains and street lights. A mere 3% of black homes front on paved streets, compared with 99% of white homes. Are those statistics the result of sheer chance—or a patent violation of the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause?

The judges had no doubts. They ruled that because Shaw failed to show any "compelling" reason for such gross dis-

Equal services might not even be sufficient. Says Howard Glickstein, staff director of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission: "You may need two cops to patrol a certain white area, but four to do the same job in the ghetto."

Civil rights lawyers have already filed a new suit which seems certain to be bolstered by *Shaw*; it attacks all sorts of alleged inequalities (overcrowded schools, unfair zoning, sparse middle-income housing) in the Anacostia area of Washington, D.C. If that suit prevails, U.S. cities may face drastic changes. In light of *Shaw* and its emerging descendants, it is clear that American courts remain a powerful forum for battling race prejudice.

A spate of other recent cases, in fact, as reminders that the law is, serve

without parental agreement, still assign children to distant schools in order to achieve integration. Thus a child is no longer required to take the school bus in California. He is merely required to attend the school to which he is assigned.

Pocketbook Oriented. New anti-discrimination legal attacks have even reached fraternal organizations, such as the Loyal Order of Moose, the Fraternal Order of Eagles and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, all of which admittedly retain whites-only admission policies.* The leading case involves Moose Lodge 107 in Harrisburg, Pa. A federal appeals court has ruled that, by granting the lodge a liquor license, the state has unlawfully supported discrimination. If the decision is upheld, other fraternal lodges and any racially exclusive country clubs that rely on bar profits could be in serious trouble.

An even more pocketbook-oriented decision was recently issued by the Oregon Court of Appeals, which upheld a \$200 award to a young black woman, Beverly Williams, for the "humiliation, frustration, anxiety and nervousness" she suffered when she was barred from renting an apartment. The landlord was ordered both to quit discriminating and to pay the \$200 in damages. In a similar New Jersey case last year, a rejected black tenant was awarded \$500 for humiliation. If such awards continue, landlords may conclude that desegregation is cheaper than discrimination.

Stars in His Eyes

Under normal circumstances, Madison Avenue would love Augustine Gizzi, a New Jersey truck driver and a true believer in advertising slogans. Trouble is, Gizzi not only believes, he goes out and acts on his beliefs. As a result, he has cast a legal pall over scores of slogans ranging from Avis ("We try harder") to Westinghouse ("You can be sure if...").

Gizzi had no qualms when he bought a supposedly overhauled 1958 Volkswagen van from Russell Hinman, who operates a Texaco service station in Westville, N.J. Though Hinman made the \$400 sale on his own as an individual, Gizzi claimed that Texaco's advertising led him to believe that it stood behind the sale. Besides, Hinman seemed to be the paradigm of skill that Texaco proudly refers to in its slogan, "Trust your car to the man who wears the Texaco star."

Soon after Gizzi trustingly drove away, though, he discovered a flaw in his newly purchased van: the brakes failed. Gizzi hit the rear end of a trailer truck, seriously injuring himself and a passenger. When he recovered, Gizzi turned his old faith into a claim of liability. Instead of suing Hinman, the obvious target, Gizzi went after Texaco on the ground that it had clothed Hinman with "appar-

* Another Elks club, the Improved Benevolent Protective Order of Elks of the World, is mostly black.



BLACK DISTRICT OF SHAW, MISS.
Also damages for humiliation.

parities, the town must now move to provide equal municipal services for its black citizens. "Referring to a portion of town as being 'on the other side of the tracks,'" the judges said, "has for too long been a familiar expression to Americans."

Drastic Changes. Civil rights lawyers believe that if *Hawkins v. Town of Shaw* stands up on appeal, the result may well approach the law's historic impact on racial discrimination in schools, jobs, housing and public accommodations. *Shaw* could force big as well as small cities across the U.S. to reallocate everything from police patrols to garbage pickups and park space. It could help make federal revenue sharing honest at the local level.

The decision did raise other issues. For one thing, it was based on racial but not class grounds, leaving the treatment of poor whites for future court cases. Also left open was whether extra services could be provided to an affluent neighborhood by specially assessing the neighborhood's residents. Moreover, the difficulties of proving inequality in sprawling urban ghettos may be painfully complex compared with *Shaw*.

a vibrant anti-discrimination weapon. In New York State, for instance, Builder Samuel Lefrak has just signed a court-sanctioned agreement with the Government on some important anti-discrimination regulations for private housing. Prodded by a federal suit, which has now been dropped, Lefrak has promised to process all apartment applications with a time clock to ensure that first come are truly first served. Lefrak credit investigations will consider blacks and whites equally, accepting anyone whose weekly income is 90% of the monthly rent. The Federal Government will also get a written report explaining the rejection of any applicant for an apartment.

Bus v. School. On the especially touchy question of school busing, the California Supreme Court has issued an ingenious opinion that may well tempt other state courts. In an indirect effort to blunt school integration, California, like many states and communities, had passed a law that banned busing of children without a parent's consent. With equal indirection, the California court upheld the busing consent regulation—but warned that school boards may,



GIZZI IN FRONT OF TEXACO SIGN
Old faith into liability claim.

ent authority." As he saw it, Texaco's promotional slogan suggests that its various dealers are skilled mechanics. The company, he claimed, was thus liable for Hinman's defective repairs and Gizzi's injuries.

A lower court threw out Gizzi's claim. But the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit has just reversed the decision and ordered a jury trial to decide the facts. If Gizzi eventually collects from Texaco, the company may have to hire more skillful dealers—or re-vamp its advertising.

Backfiring Booby Trap

When Marvin Katko, 30, broke into an abandoned farmhouse near Oskaloosa, Iowa, a shotgun cut loose with a load of buckshot, hitting him in the right ankle. The gun had been tied to a bed, and the trigger was wired to go off when the bedroom door was opened. Katko was arrested for petty larceny, fined \$50 and put on six months' probation. Justice had apparently been done, or so everyone thought—except Marvin Katko.

The injured prowler sued the farm owners, Edward Briney and his wife, for \$60,000; a jury awarded him half his claim. Iowans were incredulous, but last week the state's supreme court upheld the verdict. "The primary issue," said the court in an 8-to-1 decision, "is whether an owner may protect personal property in a boarded-up farmhouse by a spring gun capable of inflicting death or serious injury." It is an accepted rule that deadly force may not generally be used to protect property unless it is also necessary for self-defense. Since no one was there when Katko broke in, no one's personal safety was threatened. The prowler was therefore entitled to collect for the misuse of the overpowerful booby trap.

SPORT

Jamais Vu!

When Jean-Claude Killy and Marielle Goitschel retired after their stunning victories in the 1968 Winter Olympics, French competitive skiing seemed to have been set back for years. Not so. In this season's World Cup competition, the French have already produced a dozen or more brilliant young skiers who are all but sweeping their rivals off the slopes. At Murren, Switzerland, last week, the French speedsters won three events, to give their team a record total of 20 victories in 31 races so far this season. Says one jubilant French fan: "It's not a case of *déjà vu* but *jamais vu*!"

Jamais have the margins of victory been so consistently great. In a sport that measures superiority in hundredths of a second, the French have been winning by as much as three seconds—the equivalent of ten lengths in horse racing or 50 yds. in the mile run. In the first downhill race of the 14-week World Cup series, Henri Duvillard won by well over a second. At Berchtesgaden, Germany, Jean-Noel Augert swept the slalom by a margin of nearly 21 sec. And in the giant slalom at Val-d'Isère, France, Patrick Russel nipped Augert by six-tenths of a second while trouncing Italy's lone hope, Gustavo Thoeni, by more than two seconds.

Tomorrow's Champion. The French girls are even more impressive. In the giant slalom at Oberstaufen, Germany, for example, they finished first, second, third, fourth and fifth. No matter that France's top women's slalomist, Ingrid Lafforge, has been sidelined for the season with a broken leg. Led by Michele Jacot, 19, the women's team has no fewer than 14 crack skiers who are capable of winning on any given day, including a 15-year-old sensation, Jocelyne Périolat, who is being heralded by the French press as the "super champion of tomorrow." The French team

is so steeped in talent that nine women and seven men have shared the team's 20 victories. Groans one Austrian skier: "They're ants, those French. You crush one and they have a hundred right behind."

Austrian officials, fearful that the French team's success will deflate Austria's winter tourist trade, are groaning even louder. Last month, in fact, Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky called an emergency meeting in Kitzbühel to decide how to stop the French. The only sure way is to kidnap French Ski Director Jean Béranger. Women's team coach for nine years before succeeding Honoré Bonnet as head coach this season, Béranger is no stickler for style. He believes in "doing things empirically. A skier's morphology, his character, his personality should determine his style. There's only one thing that counts and that's his speed." Unlike Bonnet, who was always referred to as "Monsieur," Béranger is on a first-name basis with team members, who praise him lavishly. "He knows how to talk to teen-age girls," explains Françoise Macchi, 19. "He's young, and he understands our problems."

Early Start. Béranger shows no favoritism when it comes to training. The girls are put through the same rigorous program as the men. "In the old days," says former World Champion Annie Famose, 26, "training began in October. Now we start in May or June with hiking, cycling and soccer. Already by July there's glacier skiing. So by early December we're just as ready for those first races as we are for the big competitions in January."

Ready is the word. Before the season began, Béranger allowed that his hope was "to have a Frenchman and a French girl win the World Cup." As of last week, with four French skiers in the top five places in both the women's and men's divisions, his hope seemed a certainty.

BÉRANGER (SECOND FROM LEFT), BONNET & CHARGES



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ART

Fugues in Space

A few years before he died in 1953 at the age of 83, John Marin was voted "the greatest living American painter" by a poll of critics and museum men. What the cranky, salt-bitten old Yankee thought of this honor is uncertain. Marin loathed the idea that art should become a monument, freezing its maker in the pose of a culture hero. "Art is not great," he once scribbled in that looping hand with which he covered innumerable scraps of paper with misspelled, queerly punctuated aphorisms. "Music is not great. It's just that they tickle us. When one steadfastly refuses greatness—then and then only can the wonderful thing we call art be created." And again: "Art is just a series of natural gestures. For God's sake, don't try to be artistic—all wild animals walk the same way."

But in the event, Marin's immediate posterity did not treat him kindly, and his reputation slipped after his death. The U.S. public was, understandably perhaps, far more interested in the New York School, which had rewritten the terms of international art, than in Marin, who had not. To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Marin's birth in 1870, the Los Angeles County Museum has assembled a full-dress retrospective of his work (more than 150 oils, watercolors and drawings), which opens this week at New York's Whitney Museum. It offers fresh insights on this persistently underrated artist.

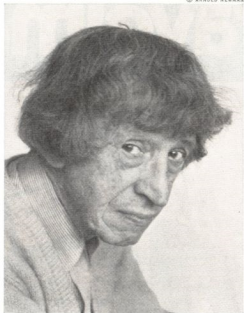
Written Paint. With hindsight, it is difficult to look at the broad, loosely brushed planes of primary color in Marin's watercolor of 1921, *Red and Green and Blue—Autumn*, without thinking of Philip Guston or Hans Hofmann; and Marin's *Cape Split, Maine*, with its fuzzy-edged, vibrating and organic shapes held together by tense flicks of line, equally suggests Gorky or the early De Kooning. Near the end of his life, Marin was almost literally writing the paint onto his canvases—his own title for a 1950 oil was *The Written Sea*—with an immediacy of gesture that irresistibly reminds one of Pollock. Many of his notes read like a manifesto of the New York School: he was preoccupied with the integrity of the picture plane ("By George I am not to convey the feel that it's bent out of its own individual flatness") and rejected illusionism ("Give paint a chance to show itself entirely as paint").

By judicious editing it would be easy to turn Marin into a founding father of Abstract Expressionism, were it not for the inconvenient detail that he viewed all abstract art with crusty dis-

dain. Reality—the flicker of bronze light on autumnal trees, the long profile of a beach in *White Waves on Sand, Maine*, the arches and pylons of Brooklyn Bridge, the scud and sough of an Atlantic sou'wester—was obdurate and irreducible for Marin, and had always to be returned to, loved, and above all, declared.

No Debts. His own work reveals an exquisite sense of style, but he never discussed art in stylistic terms; he was apt (and at this distance one cannot know to what degree he used it as a strategic ploy) to act the salty curmudgeon when other artists were dis-

© ARNOLD NEWMAN



PAINTER JOHN MARIN (1947)
The wind was made visible.

cussed. Most French painting he professed to ignore. "I saw a painting of a boat by Manet—to me it was a joke—to me Manet didn't know boats—didn't know the sea." Marin did, however, admire Boudin, the 19th-century painter of seascapes and beach resorts—"He knew his boats." Indeed, there is more than a passing resemblance of spirit between Boudin's windswept promenades and sails leaning on empty horizons, and the magnificent succession of Maine seascapes for which Marin is best known. But that is all. Though Marin spent four years in Europe between 1905 and 1909, he never willingly admitted a debt to what he saw there. "Played some billiards, incidentally knocked out some batches of etchings"—such was his summary of his time overseas. His one crucial meeting in Europe was with another American, the photographer Alfred Stieglitz, who invited him to join the "291" group and acted as his dealer,

supporter and closest friend until Stieglitz died.

It was not until his return to New York and his marriage to Marie Jane Hughes that Marin took possession of his freedom as a painter. The Manhattan watercolors of 1911-13, with their thrust, chop and bustle of tower, façade and street, are a peculiarly American reaction to that delight in the tempos of urban life that, at the same moment, had seized the Cubists in Paris and the Futurists in Italy. It was a web of movement, great and small, that he would pursue for the rest of his career, and he described it with his usual laconic concreteness. "In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things—the bigger assert themselves strongly—the smaller not so much but they still assert themselves and though hidden they strive to be seen and in so doing change their bent and direction. While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is a great music being played."

Painted Music. It was in this observation that Marin's modernity lay. He saw nature not as a collection of objects in a neutral space, but as a field of interacting energies, a seamless pattern of events. A wave rises in the Maine sea and its sharp volume displaces air; Marin painted the wind as visibly as he drew the belly of a sail or the prow of a boat. Such abstraction as went on in his paintings was solely designed to clarify these clashing and peakings of force and substance, to turn it all into paint—"paint wave a/breaking on paint shore." He had instinctively hit upon the same vision of nature that produced the interlocking solidity of Cubist space, but he applied it to landscape in a fluid and dynamic way that bore very little relation or debt to the School of Paris.

Marin loved music, especially English polyphonic composers like Purcell and Orlando Gibbons. He seems to have been the first major American painter to take the nature of music—a sequence of sound events in time—and convert it into a fugue in space. Of the images and marks in his paintings, he noted that "I always try to make them move back and forth from the center of the canvas—like notes leaving and going back to middle C on the keyboard." Music was freedom, like painting. And Marin, an Eastern individualist to the tips of his fingers, valued liberty above all else. It is the final subject matter of those Maine seascapes, with their epic space, cleansing wind and brave sails. In his cottage at Addison, Me., he once wrote: "Isn't it funny that Dictators never never never live by the sea?"

• Robert Hughes

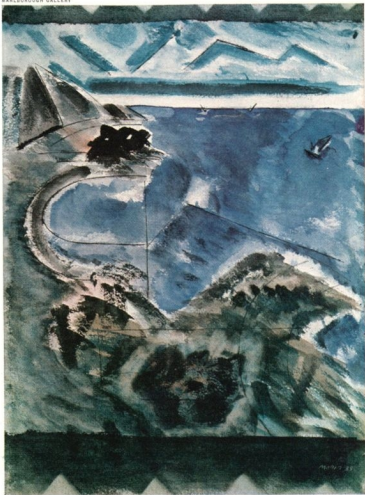
PRIVATE COLLECTION



John Marin (1870-1953)

From a traveling retrospective now at New York's Whitney Museum, John Marin emerges as one of the pivots of American art, with his spontaneity of gesture, emphasis on painting as a physical act and expansive abstraction of landscape space. Above, "Red and Green and Blue—Autumn," 1921; right, "Cape Split, Maine," 1935; below, "White Waves on Sand, Maine," 1917.

WARLDOUGH GALLERY



JOHN MARIN, "WHITE WAVES ON SAND, MAINE," 1917



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ENVIRONMENT

Nixon's Second Round

When President Nixon delivered his first major message on the environment to Congress last year, it contained 14 executive orders and 23 requests for legislative acts, the most comprehensive such program that a chief executive had ever proposed. Last week Nixon produced an even better blueprint, one clearly attuned to the "disturbing regularity" of assorted alarms (oil spills, mercury, smog). Whether the blueprint will become law remains to be seen.

Nixon told Congress that his big gun will be his new enforcer, the Environmental Protection Agency, for which he requested a 1972 outlay of \$2.45 billion, nearly double its current budget. The agency's chief target: big industrial polluters. The President seeks power for EPA to impose fines of up to \$25,000 a day on industries that pollute waterways in violation of federal-state water-quality standards. In addition, violators would be subject to court-imposed fines of up to \$25,000 a day. Repeated violations would draw fines of up to \$50,000 a day.

EPA would also be empowered to restrict the use or distribution of "any" substance deemed hazardous to health or the environment. It would set standards for noise abatement, enforce new ones for strip mining, establish a national policy to curb ocean pollution, and crack down on pesticides. The most dangerous chemicals would reach the public only through Government-approved pest-control consultants.

Sulfur Tax. The President also took aim at sulfur oxides, which he said are "among the most damaging air pollutants" and are "linked to increased incidence of diseases such as bronchitis and lung cancer." Nixon proposes a tax on coal-smoke emissions (main source: power plants), both to curb them and to fund research for developing cleaner fuels. It is doubtful that Congress will approve. Last year the House Ways and Means Committee squashed a similar tax on leaded gasoline, a measure that Nixon now seeks again.

Nixon's most important request involves the country's inadequate municipal waste treatment plants, which do little to control water pollution. Last year he asked Congress for a four-year, \$4 billion federal aid program, then failed to support it in the House Public Works Committee, where it died. Last week he upped the ante to \$12 billion over three years, with states to pay half. Senator Edmund Muskie had already proposed \$25 billion over five years. Nixon again asked that federal jurisdiction be extended to ground waters (now uncovered) as well as navigable waters and their tributaries. This would prod states to develop antipollution standards as tough as those prescribed by federal authorities. With both Nixon

and Muskie pushing for some water-quality measure, the chances are good that Congress may finally act.

No Teeth. To environmentalists, one big disappointment in the President's message was his proposed national land-use policy (TIME, Feb. 8). In its original form, the scheme included a strong incentive for states to produce solid land-use plans. Those without them would lose an increasing percentage of their federal funds for airports and highways each year. But the proposal sent to Congress last week had no such teeth. The incentive was stricken because the funds that would have been withheld have gone

House Democrats threw the President a curve last week, when the agriculture subcommittee gained jurisdiction over the funding of all federal environmental programs and agencies, including EPA. The chairman of that powerful seven-member body is Mississippi's conservative Jamie L. Whitten, a longtime defender of pesticides, who has voted against a wide variety of environmental bills. Whitten is not expected to become a convert when Nixon's bills reach his desk.

Pioneering in South Carolina

Does a poverty-stricken area need more industry or more conservation? Last year the usual answer—more industry—seemed obvious to South Carolina boosters. They cheered when West Ger-

WIRE MOUNTAIN



BEAUFORT COUNTY LANDSCAPE, S.C.

A shrewd blend of ecology and economy.

into a revenue-sharing plan for transportation, a no-strings proposition.

There were other omissions in the environmental message. While urging noise standards, Nixon said nothing about the noisy SST, presumably because he still seeks \$235 million to help develop the mammoth plane. Last year Congress authorized \$150 million for a federal recycling program; Nixon has requested only \$19 million, leaving states to cope with the country's ever-mounting solid wastes.

Nixon's message nevertheless put his Administration firmly on record as the nation's chief prosecutor of polluters. Two days later, he assured a Washington meeting of 250 executives from big industries, some of them facing prosecution, that his Administration "is not here to beat industry over the head" and will not make it the "scapegoat" of public demands for cleaner air and water. Those words are not necessarily inconsistent with a thoroughly progressive environmental push. The outcome will depend in part on how hard Nixon fights in Congress for his 14 proposed bills.

many's Badische Anilin-&-Soda Fabrik (B.A.S.F.), one of the world's biggest chemical manufacturers, announced plans to build a \$200 million dyestuff and petrochemical complex on an estuary of the state's Port Royal Sound. More than a third of the work force in surrounding Beaufort and Jasper counties earns less than \$3,000 a year; the new industry would bring jobs and income in a region where poor blacks and some whites actually go hungry.

Much to the surprise of B.A.S.F. and local boosters, a strong and unlikely coalition of conservationists, retired businessmen and black fishermen fought the plan. Despite promised safeguards, they argued, the scheme would probably pollute Port Royal Sound, thus destroying the existing tourism and shell-fishing industries (TIME, Jan. 26, 1970). Last month the giant company completely abandoned its plans.

Indigenous Innovation. The region, adjoining industrial Savannah, Ga., lost an immediate source of new tax revenue, but it gained a broad land-use

There is no generation gap. That's the problem.

You're over 40. You grew up during World War II and today your kids are so different and difficult, you feel as if every value you grew up with is turned around.

Guess what? You're right.

Because in 1943 most blacks were segregated in the U.S. Army. And if somebody got on the radio and spewed anti-Semitism; or went out for a lynching; or poured untreated sewage into a river; or died because he couldn't afford an operation—nobody much spoke up.

You know who changed most of that for the better? You did. Your generation. And you're still working on it. Because you've brought up your children to believe in human rights and peace and justice as no generation has before. But you forgot to tell them that while you believed in all these things, you weren't in all that much of a hurry to make them come true.

These kids aren't waiting. They have the kind of active concern for our country most of us didn't have until we were working, married and voting. In awareness, education, economic advantages, mobility and social experience, no generation has ever been so close to its elders. And that's where the problem is. Today's kids in their teens and twenties are political and social adults. There isn't a generation gap. There's a generation overlap.

The difference between us isn't in beliefs or goals. It's in methods and priorities. We've all come a long way in this country. It would be a shame to bog down now by condemning the majority for the unfocused actions of a protesting minority.

What the concerned young people of our country don't have enough of today is a way to channel their involvement constructively into the American system.

This generation is ready. We've already given our kids more than we ever got. Why not give them a way to use it?

If you think we can help today's younger generation become responsible members of the community by giving them responsibility in the community, let us know. Read the adjacent column and tell us how far you'd be willing to go.



How far would you go for today's kids?

Give them nothing more than they have now ☐ yes ☐ no

Have a "youth ombudsman" appointed on local and state levels to be a spokesman on matters of concern to young people ☐ yes ☐ no

Have a national educational council to mediate in conflicts between high school and university administrations and students over matters of curriculum and policy ☐ yes ☐ no

Let young people take active roles in local government with student-elected representatives serving as non-voting members of city councils ☐ yes ☐ no

Be allowed to vote in local and state elections at the age of 18 ☐ 18 ☐ 19 ☐ 20

Be permitted to hold some elective offices in state and local governments and run for election to the House of Representatives at the age of 21 ☐ yes ☐ no

Tell us where you stand. Vote "yes" or "no" and mail your ballots back to us. You needn't send us your name, but please write your age in the corner. Whether you agree with us or not, if enough of you take the time to tell us how you feel, we'll take the time to tabulate the results and pass them on to state capitols and to the White House.

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plan that could order and enhance future development.

The plan is the result of one large landowner's wish to develop 11,000 acres on Hilton Head Island, a coastal oasis for well-to-do retired executives, who hotly opposed the B.A.S.F. plan. Fred Hack, president of the Hilton Head Co., asked the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to draw up a suitable land plan. What Planner John Galston of S.O.M. suggested is a regional plan to develop indigenous industry (fishing, farming, wood products), a step that he feels will create the greatest economic growth. As Galston sees it, "an artificially created economy" like B.A.S.F. would actually remove 4,000 to 9,000 local jobs. "Though it would probably create just as many," he says, "it would take at least ten to 15 years to do it." Galston's far more subtle plan calls for protecting the environment by welcoming light industry around major existing towns inland. Heavy industry would be confined to the environs of Savannah.

Fish and Men. The problem with such a broad plan is how to muster political support to carry it out. The Hilton Head Co. is eager to start, but other South Carolinians have deep reservations. J. Bonner Manly, director of the South Carolina Development Board, argues that the plan will take up to 20 years to complete—while hunger continues. Manly adds that he will seek far more industry for the region, because "I still put human beings ahead of birds and fish."

By contrast, the S.O.M. plan is warmly backed by Thomas Barnwell Jr., an official of the black-run Hilton Head Fishing Cooperative. Barnwell is for development—as long as nothing harms the area's shrimp fishing. "Too often," he says, "environmentalists worry only about industrial pollution while ignoring the needs of the poor." In this case, birds and fish may be crucial to saving human beings.

The differing opinions graphically illustrate the special economic problems of coastal estuaries. The rich breeding grounds of two-thirds of the nation's commercial fish and the sites of some of the country's loveliest landscapes, U.S. estuaries are vanishing fast, victims of heedless developers and waterfront land speculators. The S.O.M. plan is a model of what to do: a shrewd effort to blend ecology and economy in a region that badly needs both.

Week's Watch

The President had good reason to feel optimistic about industry's antipollution efforts last week as he stood on the White House lawn watching two TWA jets take off from Washington National Airport. As a Chicago-bound 727 soared over the Potomac, the ship's Pratt & Whitney engines gushed black smoke, smearing the blue sky like a grease pencil. Two minutes later an Indianapolis-bound 727 with the same type

of engines followed suit—but without trailing any visible wake. "That's quite a difference," Nixon beamed to TWA Chairman Charles C. Tillinghast Jr., standing beside him. "That's very good."

Tillinghast staged the demonstration to show the industry's progress in curbing air pollution by modifying jet-engine combustion chambers to burn a leaner fuel on takeoff. This eliminates smoke, though not invisible gases like carbon monoxide. TWA is spending \$2,000,000 to alter its engines this way; all U.S. airlines are pledged to achieve smokeless takeoffs by 1973, which may cost the lines as much as \$100 million.

Along with cleaner skies, the troubled



PRESIDENT NIXON & POLLUTING JET
Cleaner and cheaper.

industry has an added incentive: the new jet burners are far more efficient than polluting models, thus cutting fuel costs.

It had to happen: a fratricidal war between the makers of washable and disposable diapers. Seizing the environmental initiative, the powerful Diaper Service Industry Association will spend more than a million dollars this year on ads aimed mainly at Procter & Gamble's throwaway Pampers, which enjoyed a lion's share of the estimated \$200 million market last year. "If you were a baby," goes one sample ad, "what would you want to wear—soft, cuddly cotton or stiff and sticky plastic and paper?" The pitch stresses that cloth diapers, unlike disposables, are re-usable, a point bolstered by New York City hospitals, which complain that the disposal of plastic-lined diapers—either by burning or dumping—adds to the city's pollution. All this may seem regressive to young mothers who hate washing cloth diapers and love the new disposables. But for those who worry about pollution, Procter & Gamble is playing both sides of the issue. The company also makes Ivory Snow—the perfect product, it says, to scrub cuddly cotton diapers.

THE PRESS

"This Strange War Fascinates Me"

I'm no more courageous than anyone else. I just feel that photography is important. And I will do what is required to show what is happening. I have a sense of the ultimate—death. And sometimes I must say, "To hell with that."

—Larry Burrows

Naturally, LIFE Photographer Larry Burrows, two-time winner of the Robert Capa award* for "superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise," was aboard the first press helicopter to fly into Laos last week. With a few other civilian combat photog-

the number of newsmen killed in Indochina since 1965.

Burrows, 44, had covered conflicts across the world—in Iraq, Lebanon, Iran, Cyprus and the Congo. But the lanky, gentle-mannered Englishman had very personal feelings about Viet Nam. "Be it exotic meetings with Madame Nhu, or sleeping on a stretcher on a Vietnamese patrol, or sharing a sock of rice with the Special Forces, this strange war fascinates me," he said. He could be diverted, but not for long. As LIFE Managing Editor Ralph Graves put it: "He spent nine years covering this war under conditions of incredible danger. We kept thinking up other, safer stories for him to do, but he would do them and then go back to the war. As he



PHOTOGRAPHER BURROWS AT WORK
Very personal feelings about Viet Nam.

raphers, he had camped on the border for at least four days, frustrated by U.S. and Vietnamese refusal to allow on-the-spot coverage. When a few flights were finally authorized by the Vietnamese, Burrows and the others were given the first seats. Their chopper strayed over powerfully defended enemy territory and was shot down. No survivors could be seen from the air.

Sock of Rice. Missing with Burrows was A.P.'s Henri Huet, 43. Born in Viet Nam, Huet had photographed the Indochinese war for more than 20 years and in 1967 was a Capa award winner. Also missing were U.P.I.'s Kent Potter, 23, a three-year Viet Nam veteran, and Freelance Photographer Keisaburo Shimamoto, on assignment for *Newsweek*. Their presumed deaths brought to 32

said, that was his story, and he wanted to see it through."

Two weeks ago, when an American plane accidentally bombed a South Vietnamese unit, Burrows was traveling with it. He rushed into the inferno to get his pictures; the result is this week's lead story in LIFE. Call it instinct, call it bravery, call it a drive for perfection—whatever the quality, it made him a superb photographer. He won his first Capa award for a 1963 LIFE spread showing the unrelenting savagery of the war. He won again after a 1965 flight with a Marine helicopter squadron airlifting a battalion of Vietnamese infantry to an isolated area. The Viet Cong were waiting for them, and the choppers came under heavy fire. Burrows caught the action and the agony of that futile mission.

Away from the battlefield, his most recent assignment was the East Pakistan cyclone and tidal wave. To much of

the world, it was Burrows' color pictures that finally translated the enormity of that disaster into reality. For as good as he was with action pictures, Burrows was a master of mood; his pictures of the Taj Mahal and Cambodia's Angkor temples are classics.

Living Extinction. Burrows, a native of London, got into photography in 1942 as a darkroom assistant in LIFE's London office. He explained his determination to cover wars saying, "I was in blitz-torn London before I had the equipment or the ability to express my feelings. That had a great deal to do with my keenness now to show the interested people and shock the uninterested into realizing and facing the horrors of the Viet Nam War."

Last week, when he was reported "missing," Burrows was seen on the TV program *The Photographers* as he filmed a story of a crippled ten-year-old war victim, Nguyen Lau. The boy was bewildered because he was returning from U.S. foster parents to a country that was now strange to him. He no longer knew the language and could not even understand his relatives. Burrows obviously yearned to save the child from the living extinction that awaited him. He resisted, and instead fulfilled a more momentous mission: "To show suffering, and hopefully to convey the tragedy that war brings."

Women's Lib: Mailer v. Millett

In *Armies of the Night*, his Pulitzer-prizewinning journal of the 1967 antiwar march on the Pentagon, Norman Mailer lists his self-citations: "warrior, presumptive general, ex-political candidate, embattled aging enfant terrible of the literary world, wise father of six children, radical intellectual, existential philosopher, hard-working author, champion of obscenity, husband of four battling sweet wives, amiable bar drinker, and much exaggerated street fighter, party giver, hostess insurer." Not bad, but incomplete. Add frustrated novelist, passionate movie dabbler, sexual scientist, terror of the TV talk shows, critic of the global village, and to the ladies of Women's Liberation, master male chauvinist.

Last month Mailer told a young Libbie in New York: "Wait'll you read my piece in the upcoming *Harper's*. It's going to burn and blow what's left of your little brain. I found out what I really thought about sex when I wrote this story, and it ain't good." Normally a rapacious reporter, Mailer, 48, needed to do little legwork; his life has been plentifully preoccupied with the subject. He holed up in a cottage at Provincetown, Mass., in the dreary off-season days of last November and December, spending a month reading, a month writing.

Enraged Amazons. "The Prisoner of Sex," out this week, features more four-letter words than *Harper's* has printed in all its 121-year history. Mailer's 47,000-word exercise in sexual dialectic will probably blow brains not only among Lib ladies but a sizable segment

* Named for LIFE Photographer Robert Capa, killed by a land mine in 1954 while covering the French war in Indochina.

of the magazine's 359,000 circulation. Mailer moves in on Women's Lib with menacing metaphor, but ends in capitulation. Writing in the third person, Mailer finally admits that "he would agree with everything they asked but to quit the womb."

He tells how he first became aware last year that he was under attack from "a squadron of enraged Amazons, an honor guard of revolutionary vaginas." He admits to naïveté in visualizing his female adversaries as "thin college ladies with eyeglasses, no-nonsense features, mouths thin as bologna slices, a babe in one arm, a hatchet in the other, gray eyes bright with balefire." When he protests to chic Radical Chick Gloria Steinem that he doesn't know what Women's Lib has against him, she tells him tartly: "You might try reading your books some day." Manhattan Congresswoman Bella Abzug adds: "We think your views on women are full of s---."

Critical Misdemeanor. Mailer's major foe is Kate Millett, whose book *Sexual Politics* devotes some 25 pages to mauling him, and helped prompt the *Harper's* riposte. Kate loses many a battle with Mailer in the article before she winds up winning the war. "By any major literary perspective," says a scornful Mailer, "the land of Millett is a barren and mediocre terrain, its flora reminiscent of a Ph.D. tract, its roads a narrow argument, and its horizon low." Kate is "nothing if not a pug-nosed wit," and "the vaws of her distortion were nicely hidden by the smudge pots of her indignation." As for Millett's views: "She saw the differences between men and women as nonessential—excesses of motion to be conditioned out . . . She was the enemy of sex which might look for beauty at the edge of dread, she would never agree that was where love might go deepest."

Mailer's main indictment of Millett is that she misunderstands and deliberately misrepresents her four main male targets: Henry Miller, D.H. Lawrence, Jean Genet and himself. He accuses her of judging Miller by contemporary standards, and not as a "wandering troubador of the Twenties," when "one followed the line of one's sexual impulse without a backward look at what was moral, responsible or remotely desirable for society." Millett's "critical misdemeanor" with Lawrence is treating him out of sequence "to conceal the pilgrimage, hide the life, cover over that emotional odyssey which took him from adoration of the woman to outright lust for her murder, then took him back to worship her beauty, even her procreative beauty."

Mailer accuses Millett of technologizing sex. He feels that such schemes as semen banks and extra-uterine receptacles to liberate women from child-bearing are "a way of guaranteeing that the end-game of the absurd is coitus-free conception monitored by the state."

In the end, Mailer recalls his own earlier statement that "the prime respon-



MAILER & WIFE
With menacing metaphor.

sibility of a woman probably is to be on earth long enough to find the best mate for herself and conceive children who will improve the species," an attitude scorned by Millett in *Sexual Politics*. "Women," Mailer now concedes, "must have their rights to a life which would allow them to look for a mate. And there would be no free search until they were liberated. So let woman be what she would, and what she could. Give her freedom and let her burn it, or blow it, or build it to triumph or collapse. Let her conceive her children, and kill them in the womb if she thought they did not have it."

But the womb must remain, for Mailer sees something almost atheistic in bypassing natural biology for greenhouse-style cultivation of human life. "Who," he asks, "was there to know that God was not the greatest lover of them all?"



MILLETT & HUSBAND
With carnal abundance.

MILESTONES

Married. Mrs. Virginia Johnson, 46, and Dr. William H. Masters, 55, sex researchers and co-authors of the 1966 bestseller *Human Sexual Response* and its 1970 sequel, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*; both for the second time (he was divorced by his first wife last August); on Jan. 7, in Fayetteville, Ark. Masters and Johnson published their findings after eleven years of study of sexual responses of 700 people; their second book applied the results of their work to helping 500 other couples and, in one case, provoked a \$750,000 damage suit by a man who accused the team of "procuring" his wife as a paid sex partner for two male patients.

Presumed Dead. Larry Burrows, 44, premier LIFE photographer of the Indochina war (see PRESS).

Died. Dr. Joseph W. Spelman, 52, pathologist who as Philadelphia medical examiner gained national attention by urging an autopsy of Mary Jo Kopechne, the secretary who lost her life while on an outing with Senator Edward Kennedy at Chappaquiddick Island, Mass.; of stomach cancer; in Philadelphia. A onetime Vermont state pathologist, Spelman once shocked the state by claiming publicly that 90% of all murders committed in Vermont went unprosecuted because of the slipshod methods of reporting deaths. In Philadelphia, he started a poison-information center, helped establish a suicide-control center and tried to spare the feelings of bereaved relatives by installing closed-circuit television in the city morgue for the identification of bodies.

Died. Lieut. General Ali Ali Amer, 64, chief of the Egyptian armed forces during the disastrous 1956 Sinai defeat at the hands of Israel; of a heart attack; in Alexandria, Egypt. Despite that debacle, during which Israeli troops routed his forces on the desert peninsula in less than a week, Amer remained in favor with Egypt's President Nasser, was named chief of staff in 1959, and head of the Arab unified military command in 1964, a position he retained until his retirement in 1968, after the Six-Day War.

Died. Dr. Nelson Glueck, 70, archaeologist and Reform rabbi who thought the Bible a reliable map to buried historical treasure and proved it by digging his way to more than 1,500 archaeological finds in Transjordan and the Negev (TIME cover, Dec. 13, 1963); in Cincinnati. Dr. Glueck was called both "the scholar with a shovel" and "the rabbi with a rifle" because of his fearless exploring in the sniper-infested desert of strife-torn Israel.

Died. J.C. Penney, 95, U.S. retailing genius (see BUSINESS).

OUR MR. MARSHALL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS STARTING.

Bob Marshall loves teaching. So when an emergency left Winston-Salem State University without a physics professor, he was happy to pitch in.

He soon realized that his students, like many others, were not prepared for abstract reasoning.

At Bob's suggestion, an administrative committee was set up to study new individualized learning tech-

niques. And the University used the results of this study to build an "Enrichment Center" where students come, voluntarily, to learn through multi-media materials.

The Center has proved so helpful to so many students that it is being enlarged. For this success, Bob gives full credit to students, faculty, and administration saying he was only a "catalyst" that helped crystallize their existing ideas.

Bob is Director of Engineering of Western Electric's North Carolina Works. He's also the kind of active executive we're proud to have with us.

Western Electric. The people who make Bell telephones and the communications equipment of the future.



Western Electric



EDUCATION

And Now, Teaching Emotions

The fifth-graders at Denver's Thomas A. Edison elementary school sit in a circle with their principal, Forest Fransen. Placing an empty soda bottle on the floor, Fransen and the kids spin it to choose the order of children who will "tell about themselves." After a few embarrassed giggles, a boy named Paul says: "I like to go fishing a lot. There's six in my family and two are babies. That's all." Don reveals that "I've got a sister in junior high; I had another sister but she had cancer." The children are fidgetless and fascinated. Finally the

ver's Roman Catholic parochial schools.

To help young children cope with their feelings, Limbacher aims to show them what is normal for their age—"peer pressure," for example, or reluctance to associate with the opposite sex. Limbacher's guidelines for teachers call for gently provoking children into emotional experiences that they can discuss later on. The bottle-spinning game is designed to start the children discovering both their individual qualities and how much they have in common with others.

For one fifth-grade lesson, the teacher induces jealousy by repeatedly choos-

ing the extra attention they get in the course. Noting that the Colorado teachers have been trained in special seminars, critics also fear that untrained or insecure teachers could easily confuse the kids they are trying to help.

More fundamentally, Educational Sociologist David A. Goslin of the Russell Sage Foundation contends that simply ventilating emotions is no substitute for working with others. The real problem in developing healthy personalities, he feels, is that today many of the young are isolated in a world of their own, out of contact with good adult models. As Goslin sees it, a more effective road to emotional maturity lies in reuniting the generations. He thinks schools should provide more chances for kids to share responsibility for important outside projects with a large variety of adults.

Emotional-skills courses are obviously well-intentioned efforts to forestall critical social problems. As the courses spread, though, mistakes seem inevitable. Thus sharp questions are likely to be raised about whether those efforts are pointed in the right direction.

Fewer Freshmen?

This is a great year to apply to Harvard. The nation's best-known university is not being less choosy about admissions, but it has 11% fewer applicants to choose from. Harvard is not alone. Overall Ivy League applications are down about 6%, with the dips ranging from 3% at Princeton to 18% at Yale. In fact, this phenomenon is nationwide. At both Ohio State and the University of Wisconsin in Madison, for example, would-be freshmen have decreased by 24%—in a year when U.S. high school graduates are expected to increase by 4%.

Admissions officers doubt that the new draft lottery is freeing high-number boys from the pressure to go to college and get deferred: most students do not get their draft numbers until after they have entered college. The favored explanation is economic: thousands of recession-hurt families are hunting for cheaper colleges near their homes. Thus applications have risen by 10% at relatively inexpensive state universities like Maine and Massachusetts. Community colleges are getting a big play almost everywhere.

Aside from the recession, though, the U.S. faith in college may be undergoing a subtle change—a creeping disenchantment with going to college at all. Many high school students seem to agree with seniors like Judy Hsia, 17, who attends Evanston (Ill.) High School. She is deliberately running the risk of not applying to any "safety" colleges. "If I don't make my first choices," she says, "I can always do something else for a year. There's no point in going to any college just for the sake of going. One of my brother's friends majored in physics at Haverford. Now he's a carpenter. He could have done that without wasting all that money."



DENVER CLASS IN EMOTIONAL SKILLS
Good intentions, wrong direction?

bottle points to Fransen, who tells of his pride in a father who came from Sweden to homestead in a sod house.

So goes the first class in "emotional skills," a new course that has spread to several dozen public and private schools in cities from New York to San Francisco. Increasing numbers of states are mandating some form of classroom instruction in mental health. The goal: helping children forestall the emotional scars that lead to drug abuse, delinquency and adult unhappiness.

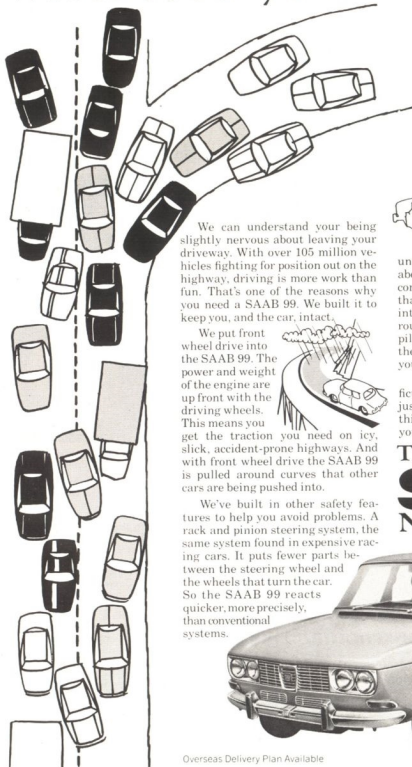
Induced Jealousy. Based on the idea that neither guidance counselors nor existing hygiene courses meet the need, the Denver program uses one of the nation's first comprehensive guides for teaching mental health to the young: *Dimensions of Personality*, a new series of fourth-through sixth-grade textbooks published by Dayton's George A. Pflaum. The series was originated by Walter J. Limbacher, a Denver clinical psychologist, who started the program as a consultant to the U.S. Army and pilot-tested his ideas in Den-

ing the same bright, attractive youngster to do blackboard work. When the class balks at this favoritism, the teacher admits her ploy, then tries to coax the students into conceding that they feel jealous. "It is important," says the teachers' guide, "that no one feel he is strange or wicked if he is jealous from time to time. By admitting jealousy and talking about it, children are less likely to act out their aggressive feelings."

At four schools in Colorado Springs, where the courses have been taught for the past two years, about half the parents say their children have become more willing to discuss their problems. "Before," said one mother, "my daughter just threw a fit." Teachers report fewer discipline cases; social workers say they get more "self-referrals—kids with problems they sense they can't handle alone." Among the few criticisms, one parent said "these attitudes and insights are training I would rather my child received at home."

Despite this seeming success, no one is yet sure how much of the kids' improve-

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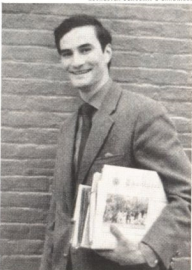
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Tommy's Travels (Contd.)

Can a college be prosecuted when violent students on its campus force public officials to grant their demands? Last week New York's upstate Hobart College, the first U.S. college indicted for a criminal offense in the recent wave of campus disruption, stood trial for being "reckless" in just such a situation. The result may set a new legal limit on how far town can punish gown.

The charges grew out of a messy night last June, when Ontario County Sheriff Ray O. Morrow arrested three suspected drug users on the Hobart campus in Geneva, N.Y. About 500 angry students blocked the paths of two police cruisers, deflating tires and ripping off an aerial. What irked them was the presence of the sheriff's tipster, Thomas ("Tommy the Traveler") Tongyai. Masquerading as a

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"TOMMY THE TRAVELER"
How far can town push gown?

radical, Tongyai had supposedly encouraged violence at several campuses before the raid blew his cover as Sheriff Morrow's agent (TIME, June 22).

Unable to disperse the crowd and fearing bloodshed, campus officials, cops and a local district attorney gave in to the students: the drug suspects were freed and granted immunity from prosecution.

Fear and Coercion. The campus was outraged by Tongyai's apparent provocations, the town by the students' unruly behavior. The furor persuaded Governor Nelson Rockefeller to appoint a special grand jury. It heard testimony that Tongyai had been involved in a fire-bombing of Hobart's ROTC headquarters several weeks before the drug arrests. Skipping all that, the grand jury declared that Hobart officials "recklessly tolerated" student coercion of the law officers, who were thereby forced to "violate" their duties and give up their prisoners.

Last week State Supreme Court Justice Frederick M. Marshall saw no merit in the grand jury's charges. After listen-

ing to four days' testimony, including the sheriff's statement that campus officials had tried to calm the crowd, the judge found insufficient evidence to convict Hobart and directed the jury to acquit the college. A professor and seven students will be tried later on charges ranging from drug possession to riot. Tongyai, now a police-science student at a nearby junior college, faces another problem. He has been charged with collecting \$700 in state unemployment benefits while on the sheriff's payroll.

Programmed Poetry

O poet,
Blush like a rotted skin;
Brighten like a dusty tower;
Wail like a happy earthworm;
Dream like an enormous flood;
Tremble like a red locomotive;
Flop like a damp gate! . . .
The beaches are praying.
Listen! How they stifle their enormous
lips! . . .
The river
Winks
And I am ravished.

Poetasters may now join the technologically unemployed: these freaky fragments belong to *The Meditation of IBM 7094-7040 DCS*, the masterwork of a computer. It is flawed poetry, full of silly similes and mixed metaphors. Still, Yale English Professor Marie Borroff has undeniably tutored a binary bard.

Herself a poet and critic (*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*), Miss Borroff spent last spring feeding the machine simple grammar, assorted stanzaic patterns and a vocabulary of 950 words that she selected by letting her finger fall blindly on poems in classical and avant-garde anthologies. Then she had the computer's random number generator make the word selections and let it rip—at two stanzas a second.

Meat or Mind? Writing in the current *Yale Alumni Magazine*, Poet Borroff reports that the computer wrought "startling and at times strikingly effective imagery," somewhat like that of a happening or "chance" music. "Reading the collected output," she muses dryly, "one gets the impression that the computer is obsessed with earthworms and caterpillars and that it has a penchant for making gratuitous references to locomotives and Vaseline." Sometimes it rose to cryptic self-criticism. "The roses are vomiting," it pecked. "Enough!"

Still, Miss Borroff recalls that M.I.T. Professor of Electrical Engineering Marvin Minsky recently argued, "The human brain is just a computer that happens to be made of meat." Is the computer, she asks, "just a poet's mind that happens to be made of electronic circuitry?" Her conclusion: "There are no foreseeable limits to the complexity of electronic intelligence. Eventually, the key question will be not whether the computer can simulate the independent activity of a poet, but whether we want it to."

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MUSIC

Unromantic Romantic

Many a concert pianist spends years and a small fortune developing a distinctive personal presence. England's John Ogdon, 34, comes by his without effort. A huge, goateed, bespectacled, ambling hulk of a man, he is virtually impossible to ignore. It is not just his looks, though, that have made him the leading figure among Britain's younger pianists. Even in an age when glittering technique is almost taken for granted, Ogdon's facility for both the fine-spun and the fantastic is prodigious. Says Stephen Bishop, 30, a London-based American, and a friendly keyboard rival of

thology of minor works by major composers (Liszt, Scriabin), as well as some ingratiating works by minor composers (Charles-Henry Valentin Alkan, Max Reger). Ogdon, currently engaged in a six-week tour of the U.S. and Canada, is pleasantly matter-of-fact about this special musical taste: "I've always been interested in out-of-the-way composers, although it's a mystery to me why they are out of the way."

One good reason is that Ogdon is something of an out-of-the-way composer himself. His output already includes 20 works for piano, a string quartet and a brass quintet. His major effort so far is the *Piano Concerto No.*

position is that he has dared to opt for tradition over "now" chic: the idiom is tonal and reflects the post-romantic passions of the early 20th century.

Boneless Fadeaway. Ogdon and his pianist wife Brenda Lucas, together with their children Annabel, 9, and Richard, 5, live quietly in a town house on London's Regent's Park. There he seems the farthest thing in the world from what many consider him to be: a reincarnation of the flamboyant temperaments of bygone eras. His handshake is a boneless fadeaway. His response to a lengthy conversational thrust of a close friend is likely to range from a non-committal "Mmmmmmm," to a rare "Very interesting." Brenda recalls that when she first met him at music school, he hardly said a word, just kept following her around. "He was just there, quietly, for about four years," she says. "It wasn't very romantic—but it became romantic."

Ogdon's "shy bear" image helps camouflage an intense inner life, great dedication, intellect and sweeping ambition. Ogdon, in fact, is bidding hard to join a select though all but vanished company of virtuoso pianist-composers. At the close of the 19th and in the early 20th century, the musical type culminated in a series of men who combined powerful and poetic performing styles with highly idiosyncratic ways of writing for the piano—Rachmaninoff as well as Liszt, Busoni and Scriabin. Closer to the present time, the line seems to have ended with Prokofiev and Bartók. All of them, for better or worse, were musicians of originality and vision who made concertgoing fresh and exciting. Though Ogdon has still to make it as a composer, there is no doubt at all about the excitement of going to one of his concerts.

Fold and Rap

French Conductor Pierre Boulez, who takes over as music director of the New York Philharmonic next season, recently journeyed to the U.S. and announced various plans for revivifying the programs of the Philharmonic. Among them: the idea of snaring young listeners by taking members of the orchestra to Greenwich Village for four avant-garde evenings, to be called "Prospective Encounters: 7-12."

As Boulez sees it, youthful Villagers will be invited for any time between 7 and midnight to "encounter" not only the music but some strenuously avant-garde composers themselves. Boulez clearly hopes there will be as many rappers as listeners.

Whether such plans will lessen the awesome gap that exists between ordinary listeners and modern composers remains the big question. A great deal, of course, will depend on which composers Boulez chooses to encounter—and upon their ability to communicate, musically and verbally, with their audiences. Boulez has so far made it clear that he is unlikely to schedule his



PIANIST-COMPOSER JOHN OGDON
Wisps of woodwind, blocks of brass.

Ogdon's: "He has absolutely volcanic energy. I mean, the piano actually moves sometimes."

With such kinetic qualities, Ogdon could easily have gone on to a profitable life of barnstorming the world with war-horse concertos. Instead, after sharing first prize with Vladimir Ashkenazy in Moscow's 1962 Tchaikovsky Competition, he became an evangelist for music that few other major pianists would touch. One of his best LP albums is devoted entirely to some of the piano music of Carl Nielsen (RCA), another to Ferruccio Busoni's hour-long piano concerto (Angel), a woolly and wonderful specimen of Germanic post-romanticism that includes a resounding men's chorus in the finale. Following this bent, Ogdon has become one of the exponents of the current romantic revival. That revival has helped bring forth a small an-

1, a three-movement, 25-minute work that he performed brilliantly late last year before an enthusiastic audience in London's Royal Festival Hall. At Christmastime he recorded it for E.M.I. with the Royal Philharmonic under Conductor Lawrence Foster; Angel will be issuing it in the U.S. next fall.

The concerto has the youthful fault of jumbling together too many influences, but reveals Ogdon as an impressively forceful and colorful composer who—like Ogdon the pianist—has a flair for handling big and complicated structures without losing what the pop world would call the big beat. His writing for the piano is flamboyant, excitingly splashy but tamed by good taste. The expertise of his orchestral writing is remarkable—bold blocks of brass sound, piquant wisps of woodwind, supple simplicity in the strings. Perhaps the most important thing about his com-

own music. Still, the complexity and climate of "Prospective Encounters" may be safely forecast by listening to *Pli Selon Pli*, a Boulez composition just released by Columbia Records.

Pli Selon Pli—meaning "fold along the fold"—is based on three poems by Mallarmé and was begun in the late 1950s. With piano, guitar and mandolin, it also enlists a soprano soloist and a full orchestra, runs 60 minutes, and is easily Boulez's most ambitious composition to date, outstripping even his 1955 *Le Marteau sans Maître*. Severely serial, the work begins with a crash and a delicate wash of impressionism, a mixture of Debussy and Webern. Much of it glitters with the percussive polka-dotted of pointillism; all of it is abstract, moving in tiers of timbres, skeletal in

WHITESTONE PHOTO



PIERRE BOULEZ CONDUCTING
A mixture of Debussy and Webern.

its economy. Like Stravinsky, Boulez treats the human voice instrumentally rather than vocally. Soprano Halina Lukomska copes expertly, though not easily, with a vocal line that soars and plunges from one extreme end of her voice to the other.

A Village audience might perhaps take to this austere and demanding creation. If puzzled, though, young listeners had better skip Boulez's stygian liner notes. "The necessary transposition," Boulez writes, describing the setting of words to music, "demands the invention of equivalences; equivalences that may be applied both to the exterior form of the musical invention and to its quality or inner structure." Fortunately, when Boulez talks, he is entertaining and outspoken. So much so that he might even be able to explain those liner notes to the Villagers.

■ Robert T. Jones

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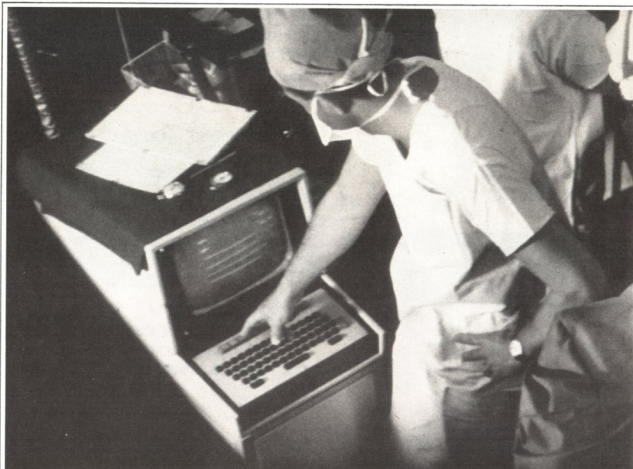
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BUSINESS

The Economy: Plain or Fancy Comeback?

PRESIDENT NIXON's economic forecast for 1971 makes the cheeriest of reading, but is it realistic or merely a pangyric to elevate consumer and business confidence? Businessmen, professors and politicians have been arguing that question since the President, in his late-January budget, predicted a 9% jump in gross national product, to \$1,065 billion for the year. The debate intensified last week as Administration officials testified before the congressional Joint Economic Committee and encountered skepticism even from some Republican members. Representative Barber Conable of New York said that the forecast reminded him of a remark by an anthropologist friend: "The Zunis realized

that the rain dance didn't bring the rain, but it made the tribe feel better."

Expert Appraisals. TIME's Board of Economists (see box), which met last week to appraise the controversial forecast, agreed that the Administration's prediction just might come true. Still, not one member would bet his own money on it. Reaching the G.N.P. goal of \$1,065 billion, said David Grove, would depend on avoiding a steel strike next summer, plus a great revival of consumer spending and a more expansionary Federal Reserve monetary policy than now seems likely.

More likely, TIME's experts said, 1971 will be a year of moderate recovery from the mild 1970 recession. Their

G.N.P. forecasts showed only narrow differences; most clustered around \$1,050 billion, with Joseph Pechman low man at \$1,045 billion and Grove high at \$1,057 billion. They predicted real growth of 3% to 4%, and inflation rates of 3.9% to 41%. In their opinion, unemployment will probably not climb above the revised December figure of 6.2%, and will average 5.4% to 5.9% for the year.

Stuck in the Mud. The economists identified several pressures that they feel will prevent the nation from recovering its economic health as rapidly as the President and his advisers hope. All expect a fairly long steel strike. Alan Greenspan's forecast of a \$1,047 billion G.N.P. assumes that a walkout will shut down the blast furnaces for eight weeks this summer.

A more important force is the sheer momentum of a trillion-dollar economy, which takes a long time to slow down from an inflationary boom and may be equally sluggish in responding to expansionary Government policies—such as the \$16.4 billion increase in federal spending, to \$229.2 billion, that Nixon has budgeted for fiscal 1972. In Arthur Okun's view, the economy is "stuck in the mud," though it is "the mud along an ascending path." Said Okun: "I cannot see unemployment going down without an improvement in consumer confidence, and I cannot convince myself that there is going to be a strong improvement in consumer confidence unless I see some evidence that the unemployment rate is going to go down."

\$20 Billion Twice. If these opinions are correct, the Administration faces some uncomfortable moments. Otto Eckstein calculates that the federal budget deficit will reach some \$20 billion in both fiscal 1971 and 1972. That would be galling for a Republican President. Nixon has budgeted a drop in the deficit from \$18.6 billion in fiscal 1971 to \$11.6 billion in fiscal 1972, assuming that a rapid rise in G.N.P. will swell federal revenues proportionately.

Last week George Shultz, the most conspicuous sculptor of the Administration's economic policy, disclosed a bit of the reasoning behind the President's lofty economic target. Said Shultz: "We must do this well if we're to make progress against unemployment." Administration officials have already planned a course of action for midyear if it is then evident that their predictions are not on the way to fulfillment. First, they will step up pressure on the independent Federal Reserve Board to expand the nation's money supply more swiftly (the increase in 1970 was 51%). If the Federal



TIME's Economists

FOUR times a year, TIME's Board of Economists meets with the editorial staff in Manhattan for a day-long assessment of the forces that will shape the U.S. economy in the months and years ahead. The members of the board speak as individuals rather than as representatives of the institutions with which they are associated. From left to right, beginning with the rear row, they are:

OTTO ECKSTEIN, Harvard professor of economics and former member (1964-66) of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

ROBERT NATHAN, president of Robert R. Nathan Associates, Washington, D.C., an economic consulting firm.

DAVID GROVE, vice president and chief economist for IBM.

BERLY SPRINKEL, senior vice president

and economist at Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago.

ROBERT TRIFFIN, international monetary expert, economics professor and master of Berkeley College at Yale.

ARTHUR OKUN, a senior fellow of Brookings Institution and former chairman (1968) of the Council of Economic Advisers.

JOSEPH PECHMAN, tax authority and director of economic studies at Brookings Institution.

WALTER HELLER (not pictured), professor of economics at the University of Minnesota and former chairman (1961-64) of the Council of Economic Advisers.

A guest participant is Alan Greenspan (lower right), president of Townsend-Greenspan & Co., Manhattan economic consultants.

Reserve does not do so, the Administration would then try to speed up Government spending and perhaps shift funds into programs that have an immediate impact on the economy, like housing. Board of Economists members warned last week that such mid-course corrections would come too late to help business much in 1971, but might speed expansion in 1972.

The Lunch Index. The economists see several hopeful portents for 1971. "We have already bought and paid dearly—in lost jobs, profits and income—for moderating inflation in 1971," says Walter Heller. "At last the economic lags are working for us, not against us. The pressures of unemployment and excess capacity, built up during 1970, we believe, will restrain prices this year, just as the boom momentum of 1969 kept them rising last year." Banker Beryl Sprinkel predicts that long-term interest rates will continue to drift down for another quarter or two, though short-term rates may be at or near their low, especially now that the Federal Reserve has cut the discount rate on loans to member banks from 5% to 4½%. IBM's Grove offered his own informal measure of credit availability: "Bankers are taking more corporate treasurers to lunch much more frequently—and at better places."

Falling interest rates should help to make inflation figures look better in 1971; mortgage interest rates powerfully influence the consumer price index. An expansion in output should help even more because, as idle plant and equipment is put back to work, production per man-hour should rise in industry. Sprinkel predicted that manufacturers' unit labor costs "could indeed flatten out" even though wage increases continue high. The implication is that companies will not feel forced to pass along quite so much of the pay boosts in the form of higher prices.

Rekindling Trouble. The economists' major new worry is that inflation may be rekindled in the years ahead. Alan Greenspan fears that the Administration has begun promoting an expansion of the economy before inflation has been brought fully under control. He predicts that the rise in prices will continue to diminish only into late fall, then begin to increase slowly again by the end of this year, though the gain for the whole year will be less than that for 1970. He and most of the board members believe that the acceleration will not be troublesome in 1972. They warn that the real threat will come in 1973, when the economy will be operating closer to its capacity and inflationary pressures will build up new force. Most of Time's board predict that a resurgence of inflation, if it occurs, will come too late to influence the election campaign of 1972. It might instead confront a re-elected Nixon or his successor with the disquieting prospect of having to restrain the economy all over again.

1065 and All That

WE have to assume you've got some sort of crystal ball," Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin complained last week to George Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget. Proxmire could not understand how the Administration justified its projections of a huge rise in the U.S. economy this year. Replied Shultz: "We have a different way" of forecasting. Said Proxmire: "You haven't told us what it is."

If Proxmire had looked to the far end of the witness table at the Joint Economic Committee hearing, he would have seen a squat, tousle-haired economist who is partly responsible for reinforcing the Nixonian optimism. Arthur Laffer, 30, an associate professor on leave from the University of Chicago to serve as the OMB economist, has been in Wash-

economy] in the statistics," he says.

Instead, Laffer predicts the behavior of the economy by using only four indicators. One is the level of federal spending. Two others are interest rates and stock prices, which Laffer believes offer "unbiased forecasts" of future inflation and future profits, respectively. His "efficient markets theory" holds that interest rates and stock prices reflect largely the judgment of market insiders who "possess information about the future." This idea might bring hollow laughs from borrowers and investors who have lost money because of the gyrations of interest rates and the stock market.

Christmas Every Month. Laffer's most important indicator is the rate at which the Federal Reserve expands the nation's money supply. That is also Milton Friedman's central idea, but Laffer gives it a special twist: he believes that an increase in money supply gives the economy an "instantaneous and permanent" boost. His reasoning is that businessmen and consumers will immediately spend every cent they get their hands on, and that new money moves speedily into their pockets. "People want to see the color of the money," he says. "When they see it, they jump quick." Laffer thus figures that the U.S. can achieve a G.N.P. of \$1,065 billion—or even \$1,075 billion—and 6.8% real growth this year with only a 6% increase in money supply, or about what the Federal Reserve seems likely to provide. His forecast is based largely on a calculation that each dollar of growth in money supply adds \$4 or \$5 to business and consumer spending and therefore lifts the G.N.P. directly and quickly.

Other economists vehemently dispute Laffer's theory of instant reaction to money-supply changes. Most assume that it takes at least six months for an increase to be felt in the economy. Many economists argue that Laffer's theory gets cause and effect backward. In their view, the theory implies that people would spend as much money in, say, July as they do at Christmas and Easter, if the Federal Reserve would only put out as much money as it does during the holiday seasons. Laffer's money machine, quips Economist Arthur Okun, "promises Christmas every month of the year."

Laffer replies simply that figures on past economic activity prove that he is right. His theories are heading for a stern test. If they work, the nation will be well off—but conventional economists will get one of their biggest shocks ever.



FORECASTER LAFFER

ington for only three months. Few but Shultz seem convinced that Laffer's analytic methods are correct, but the academician's ideas have nonetheless provided Shultz with a basis to defend the Administration's forecast against doubts voiced by the Council of Economic Advisers.

Averaging Zero. Laffer has constructed a theoretical model of the U.S. economy that he insists is "most likely better than any of the well-known larger models." It is certainly constructed on different lines. Laffer uses only raw economic data; he ignores the seasonal adjustments that more conventional economists prefer because he thinks they "smear things." He also disregards such matters as the likelihood of a steel strike next summer, the prospective size of the federal deficit and the amount of money saved in banks. "These things all averaged out to zero when we tracked their effect [on the overall

Rolls-Royce: The Trap of Technological Pride

THE financial and emotional shock waves started by the Rolls-Royce Ltd. bankruptcy two weeks ago are continuing to build in intensity. Last week there was considerable hindsight analysis of just how the calamity had happened—and a string of man-bites-dog oddities. The *Guardian* bannered a warning to foreigners: BETTER NOT BUY BRITISH. In Parliament, Socialists assailed the Conservative government for shabby treatment of a giant U.S. company, Lockheed Aircraft—a theme echoed on the placards of 1,000 Rolls workers who marched outside in one of the world's rare pro-American demonstrations. On the London Stock Exchange, some investors bought Rolls-Royce shares as souvenirs of bygone industrial glory. Cheap souvenirs, at that: the shares sold for as little as 4¢ each v. 88½¢ before the bankruptcy.

Transatlantic Layoffs. By week's end the Rolls crash had cost the jobs of almost 10,000 workers in two countries, including 6,500 laid off by Lockheed in Burbank and Palmdale, Calif. There, Lockheed had been building the TriStar superjet, for which Rolls was supposed to supply the engines. The bitter joke on both sides of the Atlantic was that the Rolls crash has made the 256-passenger TriStar "the world's largest glider."

Many more Anglo-American layoffs could follow, even though most of Rolls seems likely to survive in one form or another. The profitable auto division will probably be sold by the company's receiver to another firm; at least three British automakers are preparing to bid for it. The government has introduced legislation to nationalize most of the engine divisions. Tory spokesmen, however, have been insisting that a nationalized Rolls will have "no obligation" to keep building RB-211 engines under the Lockheed contract, which proved Rolls' undoing.

If the RB-211 is washed out, it is conceivable—though highly unlikely—that Lockheed would have to cancel the TriStar and follow Rolls into bankruptcy; in that case, the Pentagon would doubtless find some way to keep Lockheed producing C-5A cargo planes and Poseidon missiles. The issues are serious enough to have prompted at least one transatlantic telephone conversation between President Nixon and British Prime Minister Edward Heath.

Moral Victory. There were signs at week's end that the worst may yet be averted. The British government announced that it will put up money to keep RB-211 work going for at least four weeks while it tries to renegotiate

the Lockheed contract. Lockheed executives dropped hints that they would discuss a higher price for the engines and might forget about charging Rolls penalties for late delivery. In Britain, union members worried about the loss of jobs, and some Laborites, who had pushed Rolls to sign the Lockheed contract, were putting heavy pressure on the government to keep making the engines. Their most telling point: if Rolls defaults on the Lockheed contract, no foreign customer will trust a British bid on a high-technology product again. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, who as min-

taxpayers' money in perpetual subsidies for uneconomic ventures."

Heath may have been plucking virtue from necessity, but he put his finger on the primary cause of the destruction of a great company. The Rolls-Royce collapse is a tale of illusions on every side—illusions of technological omniscience by Rolls-Royce, of export grandeur by the British government, and of driving a hard bargain by Lockheed.

Rolls-Royce was founded in 1906 by F. Henry Royce, a miner's son who started building cars in his home workshop when he became fed up with repairing

a French-made auto that he had bought, and C. Stewart Rolls, an aristocratic auto buff and pioneer salesman who gave King George V his first ride in a car. The company soon diversified into airplane engines and scored an enviable series of firsts: Rolls engines powered the first transatlantic flight in 1919 and the Spitfires and Hurricanes that helped to defeat the Luftwaffe in World War II. It seemed fitting enough that the *Spirit of Ecstasy*, a statue that is the company's symbol, should be reproduced in miniature and affixed to the hood of every Rolls-Royce auto.

Even without the Lockheed contract, however, Rolls was heading for trouble; for years it had been committing itself to too many costly development projects simultaneously. At the time of the collapse, it was developing engines not only for the Lockheed TriStar and the Concorde, but for a proposed British-West German-Italian combat aircraft. Some 30,000 of its 80,000 employees were working on engines that were not yet profitable.

Sitting Duck. The downfall really began in 1966. The Labor government, desperate for export earnings as the pound staggered toward its 1967 devaluation, prodded Rolls to go all out to win an international competition for the engines for the Lockheed TriStar. Rolls responded enthusiastically, spending an estimated \$1,000,000 on its sales campaign, including \$192,000 on transatlantic air fares alone. In 1968 the company won an order to build 540 engines for \$840,000 each. Lockheed executives crowed that it was "the best price deal we ever made." David Huddie, then head of Rolls' aero-engine division, was knighted for winning such a giant export contract. "The secret," he said, "is to be like a duck—smooth and unruined on top but paddling like hell underneath."

Actually, the secret was that Rolls had been unrealistic enough to become a sitting duck. In its eagerness to



ROLLS-ROYCE EMPLOYEES OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT
For once, a pro-American demonstration.

ister of technology had hailed the RB-211 contract as an export coup, noted last week that Rolls is also building engines for the British-French Concorde supersonic transport. What reception, he asked, will the world's airlines accord to salesmen who say, "We have a marvelous supersonic aircraft with a Rolls-Royce engine?"

On the other hand, Prime Minister Heath last week managed to make the Rolls bankruptcy and the prospective default on the engine contract sound almost like a moral victory. "For too long, our apparent prosperity has been based on illusions," he said in a speech to young Tories. "Management must rid itself of the illusion that it can go on indefinitely running a business in conditions that do not pay, and governments must rid themselves of the illusion that prosperity can be found by pouring out

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underbid its U.S. competitors (General Electric and Pratt & Whitney). Rolls accepted a fixed price for an engine that demanded technological breakthroughs to produce—and this in an inflationary age. It also committed itself to deliver all the engines by November 1971 or pay stiff penalties. The penalty provisions have never been disclosed, but are believed to oblige Rolls to pay up to \$300 million—more than 60% of its last reported net worth. Presumably, the penalties rise as deliveries become later.

Late and Broke. The development problems quickly escalated beyond Rolls' calculations. To keep the engine's weight down, Rolls engineers planned to make the RB-211's fan blades out of lightweight carbon fibers. But the fibers could not stand the crunch when hail or birds were sucked into the 7-ft. fans. Last April, Rolls managers decided to keep working on the fibers but to forge the fan blades for the first few engines from titanium; this meant that they had two expensive development programs going. As time to deliver the engines ran short, Rolls started cutting corners on production, putting parts into manufacture without giving itself time to identify faulty components.

By now, Rolls has solved most of the technical problems, but at the cost of financial exhaustion. Latest estimates are that each RB-211 will cost \$1.1 million to produce, so that Rolls faces a loss of \$260,000 on every engine. By last November, Rolls was appealing to the government for help. The government responded by promising to contribute \$100 million but imposing a management reshuffle that installed Lord Cole, former chairman of Unilever, as chairman.

In board meetings on Jan. 18 and 26, the new managers got technical and financial reports. The technical report was that Rolls would be six months to a year late in delivering engines to Lockheed. The financial report was that the company was running out of money to meet its payroll. Two weeks ago, Rolls once more took its plight to the government. This time, the Tory Cabinet declined to put up any more money. Instead, it decided to let Rolls-Royce declare bankruptcy, nationalize most of the remains and abandon the engine contract if it could not be renegotiated.

The ultimate effects of that decision—on Lockheed, its airline customers, British industry and Britain's commercial credibility—will take months to become clear. Some lessons of the Rolls-Royce debacle are already apparent. A government can be too eager for exports. For a buyer like Lockheed, the lowest price is not necessarily the best deal, because a delivery failure by a crucial supplier can involve both in calamity. Most important, perhaps, men who think themselves so much the masters of complex technology that they can control its costs and timing may be riding for a shattering fall.



PENN CENTRAL'S BEVAN
Questions about conflict of interest.

RAILROADS

Gravy Train

Since the Penn Central Railroad went bankrupt last June, Government investigators have been sifting through the wreckage to determine what part mismanagement played in the collapse. The Interstate Commerce Commission last week charged that the company violated ICC regulations by claiming as a business expense the premiums on \$10 million worth of insurance protecting directors and key officers against liability for wrongdoing. This week an official staff study by Wright Patman's House Banking and Currency Committee accused top officials of the railroad of using their corporate connections to line their own pockets—with the help of Manhattan's Chemical Bank.

Texas Democrat Patman, an old populist foe of both banks and railroads, called the case "a classic example of the use of corporate power for personal profit." If correct, the charges expose a skein of cozy deals and conflicting interests, and raise questions about the legality of some borrowing and the betrayal of fiduciary trust. The report singled out the activities of David C. Bevan, Penn Central's deposed chief financial officer, and Charles J. Hodge, a former partner in the Manhattan investment banking house of Glorie, Forgan (now merged to become F.I. duPont, Glorie, Forgan & Co.), who was the railroad's chief investment adviser. Their instrument was Penphil, a private investment company formed by Bevan, Hodge and 14 cronies in 1962, which they hoped to build into a large conglomerate holding company. The Patman report charged that Penphil prospered by buying the stock of companies in which the railroad also invested. As the Penn Central poured millions into these firms, under the ill-

fated diversification program engineered by Bevan and Hodge, Penphil profits and stock prices rose too. The Penphil investors put up \$16,500 each; those who remained with the investment group for eight years made a profit of \$83,500.

Wielding Clout. The gravy train took many routes, according to the committee report. For example, in 1963 Penphil paid \$165,000 for 10,000 shares of Great Southwest Corp., a Texas-based land developer in which Penn Central was also investing. After the railroad gained control of the company, Penphil sold its stock to Penn Central for \$377,500, realizing a profit of \$212,500 in less than two years.* Beginning in 1966, Penphil bought 21,380 shares of First Bank & Trust Co. of Boca Raton, Fla., for \$332,924. A real estate subsidiary of the Penn Central, Arvida Corp., moved huge deposits into the bank, and as realty development helped the bank to thrive, the value of Penphil's investment grew to \$964,772.

The key to Penphil's growth and continued existence, said the congressional report, was credit on "an unusually favorable basis" provided by the Chemical Bank. In deference to the clout Bevan and Hodge wielded at Penn Central, a major customer of Chemical, the bank loaned Penphil more than \$1.8 million over seven years. Until last June, the investment group paid the prime interest rate, which is generally reserved for the most credit-worthy blue-chip companies. Nor was Penphil required to leave a compensating balance—usually 20% of the loan—a practice that is normal for almost all corporate borrowers. Charged the report: "Stock purchased with the Penphil loans was used as collateral to secure the loans themselves."

The committee's disclosures may well lead to closer scrutiny of commercial bank lending and additional restrictions on stock trading by corporate insiders. Still, a nagging question persists: do other Penphils remain to be discovered?

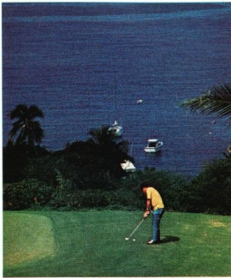
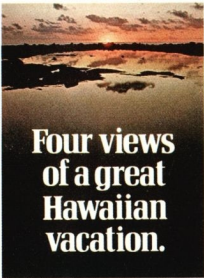
STOCK MARKET

A Call for Quotas

Delmonico's, Wall Street's favorite restaurant, is crowded again and, despite the chill of midwinter, the speculative sap is rising in Manhattan's brokerage community. Last week the Dow-Jones average climbed for the fourth straight week, closing at 888.83, the highest in 20 months; on one day, trading volume on the New York Exchange set a new record: 28,250,000 shares. One single trade of 3,248,000 shares of Allis-Chalmers, the largest in history, exceeded the average daily volume of the Big Board seven years ago.

The 1971 surge of trading has raised fears that Wall Street may again be

* Pulling no political punches, the committee noted that stock in Great Southwest was held by several former officers of Glorie Forgan. Among them: Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, onetime Glorie Forgan president, who held 38,000 shares.



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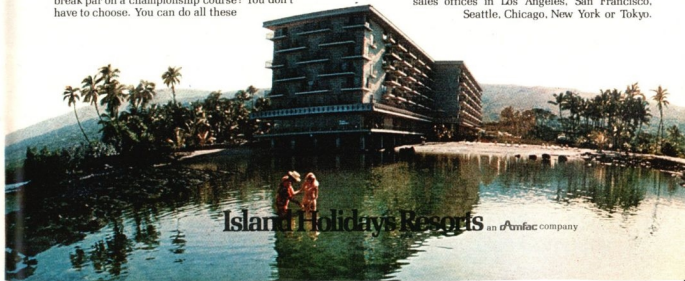
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heading into a repetition of the paperwork snarl that overwhelmed brokers from 1967 to 1969. Chairman Donald T. Regan of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith last week urged that brokerage houses be prohibited through quotas from accepting more trades than they can process without delay. Recognizing the danger signs, the New York Stock Exchange last week ordered one medium-sized firm to limit the volume of its business.

Even though computers have taken over much of the paperwork load, Wall Street may now lack sufficient experienced hands to deal with sustained high volume. About 7,000 employees were laid off last year as firms cut their costs to match their reduced volume. Many of those people have found permanent jobs with banks and insurance companies. If the trading frenzy grows, brokerage back offices "are going to end up in the same predicament again," warns Sam Bard, president of the Committee for Investors' Protection. *Plus ça change*, Wall Street has yet to prove that it has learned from old errors.

Present and Future Shock

Among the nightmares that might disturb the sleep of any professional stock trader is the vision of seeing himself replaced by a computer. The fear is real, even if the prospect is not immediate. Computers could easily match buyers' bids and sellers' asking prices, record deals and make entries in the accounts—at least for routine transactions. On the nation's stock exchanges, however, securities are still bought and sold in face-to-face auctions, partly because of the entrenched interests of their members and the encrusted practices of history.

Quieter Bazaar. Last week a substantial part of the computerized future arrived—not for the proud exchanges but for the humbler over-the-counter market. Until now, that market has been a telephonic bazaar for shares of firms too small to qualify for listing or unwilling to meet the exchanges' disclosure requirements. Brokers have had to find out the going price of any given over-the-counter stock by making individual calls to other brokers specializing in those shares. In a technological leap, 750 leading brokers switched last week to an automated quotation system. They punched their bid-and-asked prices into desk-top terminals connected to Univac computers in Trumbull, Conn., and read the resulting information on TV-like consoles. To close a deal, a broker then phoned the firm offering the most attractive price. The arrangement not only mutes the shouting in over-the-counter trading rooms but gives a customer more assurance that his own broker is obtaining the best price at any moment.

The system goes by the cumbersome name of NASDAQ, for National Association of Security Dealers Automated Quotations. It was developed at a cost of \$23 million by Bunker-Ramo Corp., and

gives instant readings on 2,374 of the most actively traded stocks on the over-the-counter market. Another 200 will be added this month, and eventually as many as 20,000 of the approximately 50,000 over-the-counter stocks will be included. At present, NASDAQ lists only companies that have at least \$1,000,000 in assets, 500 stockholders and a stock that sells for \$3 a share or more.

There is no practical reason why NASDAQ cannot also show prices for stocks listed on the exchanges, except that exchange members are understandably opposed to the notion. Next month the board of governors of the securities dealers' association intends to consider whether—or more likely when—to include at least a sampling of listed stocks. If that idea takes hold, NASDAQ could in time shake the dominance of even the New York Stock Exchange in the securities market, because it will make off-board trading in listed securities more convenient for brokers—and perhaps cheaper for investors.

COMMON MARKET

Betrothal in Brussels

"We are like the couple who have an engagement party," explained The Netherlands' Foreign Secretary Hans de Koster. "If over the next five years we don't get married, we return the gifts." The simile aptly described the momentous agreement last week by the six nations of the European Common Market—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg—to move toward monetary union by Jan. 1, 1981. Though hedged with provisos and fraught with the danger of delayed decisions, the Brussels agreement nonetheless created specific plans to expand the Common Market trade bloc into an area with a single currency.

Monetary—and eventually economic—union would presage the establishment

of something akin to a United States of Europe. Borders would become more like state lines. With a single currency, travelers would no longer face aggravating losses from changing their money at borders. People, goods, services and capital would circulate freely. The arrangement would stimulate growth through more efficient use of manpower and resources and enable European corporations to compete more easily with big U.S. firms on a Continent-wide basis. Even more important, as a study group headed by Luxembourg Prime Minister Pierre Werner put it: "Economic and monetary union is the haven for the development of political union."

To make a monetary union succeed, the Common Market countries must harmonize their tax systems, growth rates and social policies. In the end, individual nations will have to yield substantial control over their monetary policies and government spending to the Common Market's so far embryonic federal institutions. Under Charles de Gaulle, France declined to give up such prerogatives of sovereignty, and considerable reluctance persists today. Accordingly, last week's accord provided a step-by-step ten-year timetable for monetary integration.

Hot Lines. In the first, three-year phase, the Common Market countries agreed to narrow their exchange rates and coordinate economic policies. To do so, their central banks are setting up "hot-line" telephones to permit instant conferences about concerted action in the exchange markets. The Six will also jointly set guidelines for member countries' public spending as a means of bringing each nation's economic expansion—and inflation—into line with that of the others. West Germany's Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, fearful that his country might have to provide unlimited monetary support for spendthrift partners, insisted at Brussels on a "prudence clause." It enables any member to pull



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out of the monetary union entirely by 1975 if it is not satisfied with the pace of progress.

Pressure from the Dollar. For all the caution, there is, as French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann commented, "a strong incentive built into the plan to move forward." Indeed so. The Europeans were propelled into unexpectedly early accord by the profligacy of the U.S. For most of two decades, European nations have been accumulating dollars at a rising rate as a result of U.S. balance of payments deficits. Common Market countries complain that the flow of dollars affects interest rates, finances the takeover of European firms by U.S. companies and promotes inflation on the Continent, since central banks have to issue their own currencies to buy up excess dollars in the marketplace. Singly, European nations have little defense against the flood. Any country that raises the value of its own currency in relation to the dollar would in effect be raising the price of the goods it sells to its trading partners.

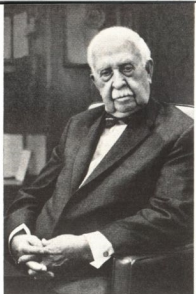
"Our actions have had a disrupting effect on the international financial markets," explains Yale Professor Robert Triffin, a leading monetary authority and member of TIME's Board of Economists. "The Common Market countries realized that by refusing to act together they have lost monetary sovereignty to the U.S. To recover some degree of control, they had to act jointly."

A European currency would rival the U.S. dollar as a medium of international exchange. By acting in concert, the Common Market countries could raise the value of their currencies, in effect devaluing the dollar. Washington would welcome that event, since effective devaluation would make American goods more competitive abroad. But should the Europeans, with their new-found unity, decide to limit the amount of dollars they accept, the consequences could be quite painful for the U.S.

RETAILING Golden Rule Merchant

James Cash Penney's first venture as a retail proprietor—a butchershop in Longmont, Colo.—opened in 1899 and failed almost immediately, after he refused to bribe an important local hotel chef with a weekly bottle of bourbon. "I lost everything I had," said Penney, "but I learned never to compromise."

Penney's unwavering faith in the copybook maxims of his youth roused skepticism in a mercenary age, but his credo underlay his success. At his death last week after a heart attack in Manhattan, Penney, 95, left a 1,660-store empire that he built without compromising the stiff principles he had absorbed from three generations of Baptist-preacher ancestors. He neither smoked nor drank, and for years demanded the same abstemious conduct from his employees. "I believe in adherence to the Golden Rule, faith in God and the country,"



RETAILER PENNEY
Faith in copybook maxims.

he often said. "I would rather be known as a Christian than a merchant."

Penney grew up in poverty on a farm near Hamilton, Mo. He credited his father with "selecting my vocation" by arranging a job for him in a local dry-goods store. The pay: \$2.27 a month. Later, Penney made his way to Wyoming, where the owners of another dry-goods firm were so impressed with his diligence that they sent him to the mining hamlet of Kemmerer to open a new shop—called The Golden Rule Store. In tiny Kemmerer, almost everybody bought on credit—and paid high prices. Penney, then 26, tried another formula: cash, but with a slender markup to attract big volume. He attributed his chain's success to that policy, and to the profit-sharing plan that he started in 1907, which he said made his employees "associates." With annual sales of \$4.1 billion, J.C. Penney today ranks as the nation's fifth merchandising company. Penney's personal holding of its stock was worth \$24 million.

Though the chain had been a moneymaker from the start, the Depression wiped out the first fortune of its founder and left him heavily in debt. Penney bounced back, borrowed on his life insurance, and resumed his duties as chairman of the board. He stepped down in 1958, the year that his company finally followed other retail chains by offering credit to its customers, but remained a board member. Until his final illness, he worked regularly at Penney's mid-Manhattan headquarters, where he kept five secretaries busy with volumes of correspondence.

BANKING Cadillacs for Free?

In the fierce fight for depositors' dollars, many banks have borrowed the tactics of the midway Barker, luring customers with all kinds of promotional promises and "free" gifts. Though sav-

ings today are at record highs and loan demand almost stagnant, some bankers believe that consumers may soon begin a monumental buying—and borrowing—spree. To pile up cash reserves for this eventuality, banks are offering ever more opulent gifts to new depositors.

Dennis F. Voss, chairman of the eight-month-old First State Bank of Chicago, has added a new dimension to the flamboyant competition. His bank gives an air-conditioned Cadillac Calais, whose list price is more than \$7,000, to customers willing to open a \$25,000 account and leave it for five years without interest. Anyone depositing \$7,700 on the same terms gets a Ford Pinto. First State and another Chicago bank, Park Way, which was founded by Voss in 1964, also have gifts for those willing to let their cash lie fallow for two years. A depositor gets a mink coat for an account of \$15,000, a snowblower for \$2,900 and an 18-in. color television set for \$2,600.

Figuring in the lost interest, plus the federal income tax that must be paid within a year on the value of the gift, the customer actually profits little by tying up his money. On deposits of \$1,000 or more held for at least two years, Voss's bank pays a simple annual interest of 5½%. The five-year return on \$25,000 comes to \$7,187, or about \$187 more than the cost of the Cadillac. Of course, the interest is also subject to income tax, so whether an individual customer comes out ahead by taking the car depends on his entire tax situation.

Federal regulations forbid a bank to give customers premiums that are worth more than the interest that they would otherwise receive. Still, the gift promotion has the appearance of a bargain. So far the Cadillac offer has attracted two depositors, and 75 others have responded to the lure of a color-TV set. One woman is being measured for a mink coat.

BANK PREMIUMS IN CHICAGO



RELIGION

Missionaries: Christ for a Changing World

In a village outside Tokyo, a German Jesuit priest builds a Zen monastery—with the blessing of the Vatican. Two Canadian Protestants arrive in the Black African enclave of Swaziland to set up a 100,000-watt radio transmitter. Farther north in Tanzania, Maryknoll priests and nuns work side by side in the fields with peasants, then help train native leaders for the new communal villages of President Julius Nyerere's socialist state. Wycliffe Bible Translators in South Viet Nam, who lived in Montagnard villages well before American G.I.s came, produce nine new written

languages from the native dialects, with more to come.

Following Jesus' command in the *Gospel of Mark* to spread the "good news" and in *Matthew* to "make disciples of all nations," Christian missionaries have scattered across the earth since the first Pentecost in Jerusalem. Now, despite the closing of Communist China and Third World resentment of so-called "cultural imperialism," Christian missions in many parts of the world are livelier than ever before.

Fruitful Fields. Some of the new mission activity, especially among Protestant evangelicals and fundamentalists in Latin America, has been the result, ironically enough, of the Second Vatican Council. The council's decree on religious liberty was quickly felt in Roman Catholic countries, where hitherto severe restrictions on Protestant evangelizing all but disappeared. At the end of World War II, there were only 1,900,000 Protestants in Latin America; today there are ten times that many.

Other fields, too, have proved fruitful. Over half the people of the Pacific islands of Oceania are now Christian. Virtually all U.N. delegates from the new Black African nations were educated in mission schools. In Korea, medical missions have trained over 3,000 physicians since World War II. On the Indonesian island of Flores, first visited by Divine Word missionaries in 1912, there are now 615,500 Catholics, 90% of the population.

The effort to establish indigenous clergy in mission areas—and thus "work themselves out of a job," as some missionaries put it—has been remarkably successful in some countries. India now has 100 mission boards of its own to

send evangelists into the field. One of the most successful Protestant projects, backed by Latin America Mission, is "Evangelism-in-Depth," which depends almost solely on local lay evangelists. One current effort in Mexico has some 5,000 Mexican congregations at work evangelizing their own areas. Though outsiders frequently come equipped with better technical skills, only rarely can they do a better job of evangelizing. One recent exception occurred in Ghana, where there are at least 50 distinct languages. Black evangelists from Ghanaian towns could not talk to the rural, up-country Chokosis without noticeable hauteur. But a white United Church of Christ missionary, Alfred Krass, learned Chokosi and converted hundreds.

Radical Posture. Mostly it is a shortage of native clergy and technical help that persuades most Third World leaders to accept missionaries from Europe and North America, though some leaders attach special provisos to their invitations. Under the bootstrap socialism of Tanzania, President Julius Nyerere, a Roman Catholic, has required the missionaries to pitch in to rebuild the society. On a quiet visit to the U.S. recently, Nyerere slipped up to Maryknoll headquarters near New York City to lecture nuns on the role of missions in developing countries. One of Nyerere's suggestions, already adopted by missionaries in some areas, is that educational and medical services should be performed by priests, nuns and brothers working in community or state-controlled institutions. "By separating the provision of service from its evangelical activities," Nyerere argued, "the church will make clear that it desires men's conversion to Christianity to come from conviction, not from gratitude or from the compulsion of indebtedness."

Some young Roman Catholic missionaries are adopting an even more radical posture, arguing that their proper place in unjust societies is at the forefront of economic and social revolution. Some of them, like militant young priests from Spain exiled to work in the missions, take their anger with them. Some find it in the field: while Maryknoll missionaries in Guatemala, Thomas and Marjorie Melville (a priest and nun who later married) actively aided Castroite guerrillas because they felt the Guatemalan Indians were exploited; they were expelled from the country.

Lit-Lit. Others adopt a more pragmatic political approach. In Peru, some 100 Catholic missionaries are working with Peruvian priests in a new organization called the National Office of Social Information (ONIS), an unabashedly leftist lobbying effort. Recently ONIS criticized the new Peruvian land-reform program as being too capitalistic because it preserved the property principle in providing for peasant shares; by reverse psychology, their extreme position slyly helped make the government's program more acceptable to conservatives.

Among Protestant evangelicals, of

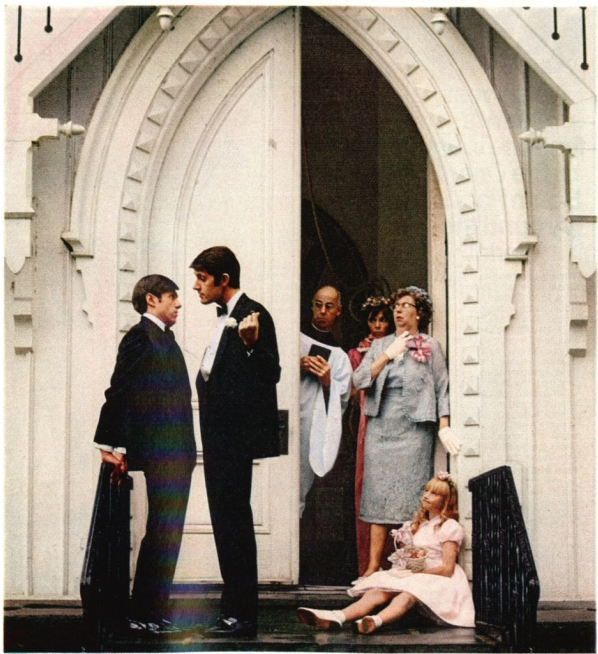


TEACHING READING IN PERU



FATHER LASSALLE IN HIS ZEN MEDITATION HALL
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FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT

course, communicating the Gospel is still the core of the missionary effort. They take the injunction to preach literally. Dozens of high-powered transmitters operated by various evangelical groups now permit Protestant radio to cover the world with round-the-clock broadcasts, including areas where missionaries are forbidden. California-based Wycliffe Bible Translators carry the command to imaginative lengths. They train in a test "village" of primitive huts in the jungles of Mexico, then are sent to live unaided in the Latin American bush for six weeks. In order to get the Bible to many primitive peoples, they actually create a written language out of dialects that are only oral, first developing an alphabet, then a dictionary. In areas where the problem is simple illiteracy, an ecumenical Protestant effort nicknamed Lit-Lit (for World Literacy and Christian Literature) aims at teaching the predominant national or local language.

Soft Sell. Despite their emphasis on the Gospel message, Protestant evangelicals, like their Catholic counterparts, are showing a deeper awareness that missions are inseparable from social and political action. Says Black Evangelist Tom Skinner of Brooklyn, "Any Gospel that does not speak to the issue of enslavement, that does not want to set the oppressed free in the name of Jesus Christ, is not the Gospel." Peruvian Baptist Samuel Escobar insists that "Marx and Marcuse have detected the depths of injustice with far more realism than the average preacher."

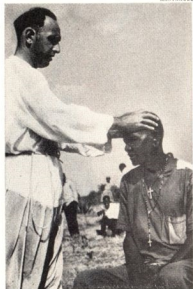
Even those conservative, evangelical Protestants who desire social change, however, cling stubbornly to a conviction that sets them apart from liberal Protestants and most Catholics: the belief that salvation is either impossible or extremely difficult without faith in Jesus Christ. But their numbers grow while liberal Christians report a decline in missionary recruits as well as membership. On last New Year's Eve some 12,000 evangelicals, most of them college age, met at the University of Illinois for the triennial Inter-Varsity Missionary Convention. It was the largest gathering of its kind in American history.

One reason for attrition in the ranks of liberal Protestant missionaries may be that some extreme ecumenists have questioned whether Christians have any right to proselytize others at all. Such views have naturally bred a powerful reaction. The Rev. Dr. David Stowe, new chief missions executive of the United Church of Christ, wants to see a re-emphasis on the uniqueness of the Gospel among liberal Protestants, albeit in a low-key, soft-sell approach. "I am terribly anxious for the Hindu to respond to the Christian experience," says Stowe. "Whether he becomes a Christian or a different kind of Hindu is not my primary concern." The late Trappist contemplative, Thomas Merton, felt that Buddhism and Christianity could mutually reinforce one another. Jesuit Ugo

Lassalle, who offers the Zen way of contemplation at his Japanese monastery, is convinced that Zen can produce a state of "profound prayer and spiritual union."

Fire-Hose Approach. Official Catholic willingness to accept a Merton or a Lassalle indicates the depth of recent change in Catholic mission theology. To an extent, even the documents of Vatican II, which acknowledge the "true and holy" aspects of other religions, still emphasize the importance of the "sacramental signs" of the faith—not only baptism, but other sacraments, such as penance and the Holy Eucharist. But the attitude is still markedly more tolerant than what one irreverent Jesuit calls the "fire-hose approach," which was the rule until recently.

Perhaps the most engaging statement of the new Catholic view is in a little-



BLESSING SICK MAN IN TANZANIA
Not out of gratitude.

noticed, remarkably subtle document issued by the U.S. Maryknoll missionaries after a general chapter meeting in 1966. Citing a "new optimism" in theology, the document declares that "the saving invitation and power of God reach out to all men" even if they do not attain "explicit faith in Christ and his Church." The role of the Christian is not to convert everybody but to be an example: "A sign before nations... a sign to confront them with the challenge of God's love, to tell them of their own deepest selves, to purify and illumine their own deepest values..."

That is an attractive vision, generous in its view of humanity and human destiny, but also severely demanding of the Christians who take it seriously. It reveals the hard existential truth in Christ's command; that one who truly believes his faith must live it as well as tell it, that the crucial soul he is commanded to save is his own.

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BOOKS

Work, Save, Pray

LETTERS OF THOMAS MANN. *Selected and translated by Richard and Clara Winston.* 690 pages. Knopf. \$17.50.

In 1911 Thomas Mann put aside work on his novel *Confessions of Felix Krull*, *Confidence Man* to write *Death in Venice*. When he returned to it 43 years later, he took up work on the very same manuscript page and continued writing without the slightest alteration in tone or intent. The history of writing cannot contain another instance of such awesome single-mindedness and coherence.

One has the feeling that Mann could have done the same thing with most of

letter to his future wife extolling her as "a minor miracle of harmonious education, a realized cultural ideal."

The absence of personal tidbits will hardly come as a surprise to Mann's admirers. Like Nabokov, he is a shadow man in modern literature simply because his personal life was a model of probity. The public feels familiar with Faulkner's drunks, Hemingway's yellow streak, Gide's Arab boys. Mann had no such weaknesses. He married once, raised six children and wrote 28 books. Despite wars and exile, he lived the measured life of the cultured German bourgeoisie into which he was born.

WORK, SAVE, PRAY was the motto carved over his grandfather's door and apparently in Mann's heart. He worked

knew him for what he was. A massive, two-volume account of the decline of a great merchant family, *Buddenbrooks* became Europe's greatest bestseller until *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The Buddenbrooks family was Mann's own, of course, and their ruinous private quarrels turned out to be a microcosm of the differences that would plunge the continent into war.

The rise of the Third Reich confronted him with national tragedy; it drew from him great repugnance as well as some of his greatest letters. But Mann's political instincts were not always reliable. In 1914 he was prattling in a letter to his brother about "this great, fundamentally decent peoples' war," sentiments he largely retracted a few years later in a tortured essay. But he immediately saw the Nazis for the "second-rate Pizarros" they were. He

CARL W. WYDAN-LIFE



MANN & HIS FAMILY* IN THE U.S. IN 1939
Enduring the moment when everything seemed bound for destruction.

the 540 letters in this volume, but what is a wonder in fiction has more ambiguous effects * in correspondence. Though the first letter was written by a 14-year-old in 1889 and the last by a dying man of 80, the reader gets little impression of shift from youth to age. Mann's correspondence was seldom dull and never perfunctory—he justly credits himself with "bringing linguistic passion to letters"; yet it communicates little that is spontaneous or private. Though he wrote famous anti-Nazi letters, as well as scores to family and intimate friends, what emerges most is a deep commitment to German cultural tradition. He loved his language and those who mastered it, pre-eminently Goethe. He considered music "the paradigm of all art" and needed it as life needs the sun. Wagner he saw as "my strongest and most formative artistic experience." Only a man serenely in harmony with his culture could write a passionate love

every day of his life—in trains, ship cabins, anywhere. Mornings were so rigidly set aside for writing fiction that he said that he worried only in the afternoon. He hoarded experiences for over 40 years before turning them into fictions. His religion was art and his devotion total.

From the beginning to the end of his long letter-writing career, he was at pains to convince the world that he was a humorist, an ironist, a playful, cheerful fellow—anything, in fact, but the strongman of literature who undertook to support the whole of middle-class European culture on his shoulders. But by the time Mann was 26 and had published *Buddenbrooks*, the world

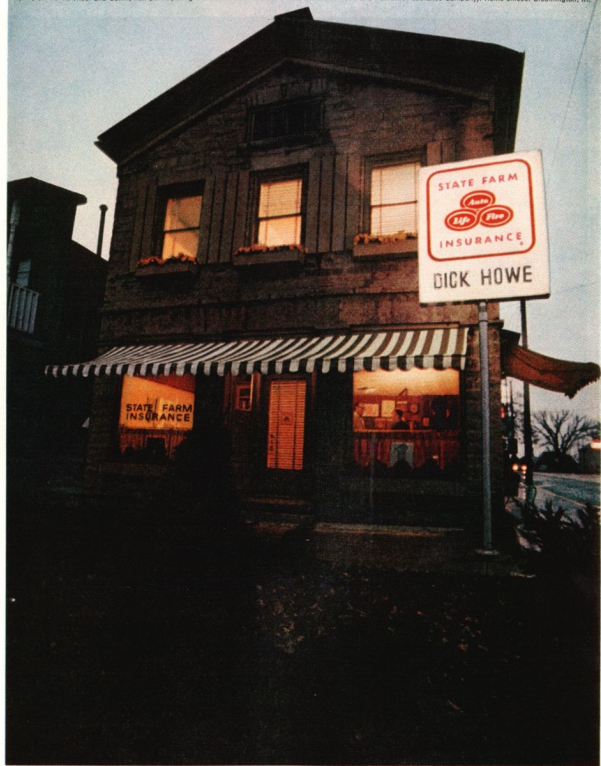
left Munich and all his possessions in 1933, and by 1936 all his books were banned. "The angina of exile" was the bitterest experience of his life; at the beginning, he suffered the only period in his life when he could not write anything at all.

He wrote only for Germans; others were "extras." In the U.S. he found a nation of extras who welcomed him with enthusiasm he could scarcely fathom. After he had lost his language and his natural audience and settled near Los Angeles in 1941, his family began to play a larger role in his correspondence. He treated Bruno Walter to the details of grandson Frido's baby talk. In a rare hint of jealousy, he wrote that the 57-year-old professor who married Elisabeth, his youngest and prettiest daughter, "probably no longer expected to win so much youth."

Most of the family letters are written to his two oldest children, Erika

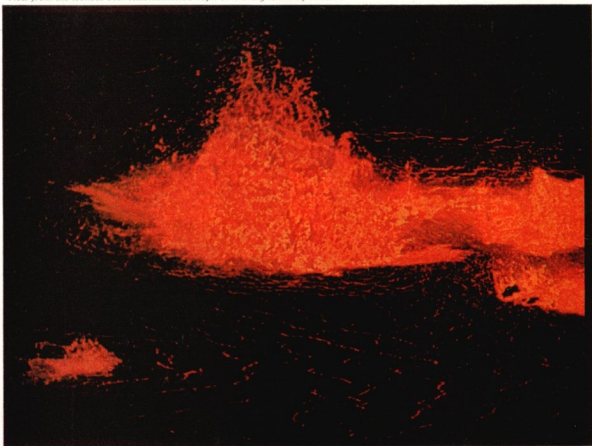
* Mann, standing; to his left, wife Käthe, daughter Elisabeth and son Klaus; to his right, daughter Erika, Poets W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. (Auden married Erika in 1935 to give her the protection of British citizenship.)

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View from the lookout over Halemau mau Firepit on the Big Island of Hawaii.



Hawaii looks like Hell.

At least some parts do. When Madame Pele, the volcano goddess, blows her top from Kilauea Crater, there's no sight like it in heaven or earth. It's Dante's Inferno with sound effects. Of course, volcano watching is pretty much a spectator sport. So if you're the type who likes to get involved, you'll be glad to know that most other places in Hawaii look like paradise. Only difference is, there's more to do in Hawaii.

If it gets too hot on Kilauea, you can cool off by water-skiing in an emerald bay

4,000 feet below. Or you can catch a 600-pound marlin off Kona. It may pose a weight problem on your return flight, but you'll think of something.

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Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.

and Klaus. A restless, flamboyant pair, they often seemed like characters out of one of their father's more sardonic stories. After 1940, Erika traveled the world as a passionately anti-Nazi war correspondent. Mann sought and took her advice on his novels and exulted whenever she touched down in California.

His relations with Klaus were far more clouded, especially in Mann's later years. Klaus wrote too—novels, criticism, political tracts. They did not amount to much, but the famous father wrote him faithfully after each publication letters that could pass for book reviews. Remote, judicious, complacent, they must have been a heavy burden. In 1949 after starting a novel on suicide, Klaus died of a drug overdose. Sui-

ner and Beethoven that seem written from the soul, notes on food ("firm North German scrambled eggs and baked potatoes shining with butter"). They also bear witness to a particular man of massive intelligence and the way in which he endured a moment in history when everything he believed in and believed permanent seemed bound for destruction.

■ Martha Duffy

And to Hell with Burgundy

LOUIS XI, THE UNIVERSAL SPIDER by Paul Murray Kendall. 464 pages. Norton. \$10.

In 1429, when Louis was five years old, the fortunes of his father King Charles VII fell so low that a cordwainer refused to sell him a pair of shoes on credit. The English were besieging Orleans. French nobles in Brittany, Armagnac and Foix had made a separate peace with the invader. The proud Duke of Burgundy, in league with England, gazed hungrily from his own secure domains toward the wreckage of his brother's holdings. The Valois kingdom of France seemed on the point of dissolution.

It was of course Joan of Arc, that provocative manifestation of God's will (or pure fortune), who appeared at the last moment to rally Charles' forces and save the country. But it was from the Dauphin, Louis, that leadership came to knit up the raveled threads of French life after St. Joan's battlefield miracle. Hung with epithets ("The universal spider," which referred to the scope and stickiness of his machinations, was one of the mildest), he eventually took his place in history as Louis XI, a giant and an ogre, a bloodstained, gloomy tyrant who forged a unitary state out of warring fragments.

According to Historian Paul Murray Kendall, Louis XI was a far more complicated character than legend implies. Possibly the most effective ruler France ever had, Louis was tough-minded and subtle, and so much of a political pragmatist and innovator that nobody knew quite what to make of him. Especially his feckless father. Lapped in beautiful women and dreams of martial acclaim, Charles snubbed and ignored the boy until, at the age of 16, Louis responded with a plot to seize the throne. It failed, but Louis had found his métier.

For the next 20 years he studied war at the head of a ragtag army of freebooters in the Alpine foothills and civil administration as lord of his duchy of Dauphiné. Skill at foreign affairs and espionage he seemed to acquire by osmosis. Stumping around in rough clothes, sneering at courtly chivalry, conferring with his agents (most of whom were disgracefully lowborn), he made the rest of the French nobility decidedly edgy. Even the old Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, in whose court Louis occasionally sought refuge, was disconcerted. Duke Philip's idea of style

was three dozen mistresses, regular tournaments and a room in his palace mechanically equipped to produce facsimile thunder, lightning and rain on demand. What Louis liked was plain food and a first-rate intelligence service.

In 1461, Charles VII died, and Louis proceeded to show the nobles how right they had been to worry. "It was necessary for him to make a new world," an Italian envoy reported, meaning a world in which Louis, not the dukes, was boss. To make it he sometimes used force, if possible someone else's (the obdurate Swiss won several crucial battles for him). Nearly always he preferred to bargain or bribe. Overconfidence in his talking powers sometimes got him into trouble. But because

CULVER PICTURES



LOUIS XI

Remaking France from within.

he knew his opponents better than they knew themselves, he generally came out ahead. He dealt with Edward IV's invasion by conning him into withdrawing his troops. "My father drove them out by force of arms," Louis later bragged, "whereas I've driven them out by force of venison pies and good wines."

Kendall's account of Louis' incomparably complex dealings is a model of grace and clarity. At times the fog of Gallic intrigue grows almost too thick for any but the most attentive reader. But it is a tribute to the author's skill that despite the staggering ruck of events and the gulf of years that separates us from his protagonist, Louis comes through not as a monster but a comprehensible human being, fleetingly attractive and always impressive. If he sometimes resembles a Mafia Don organizing Newark, fair enough. Louis XI didn't want love, he wanted power, and he got it.

■ Charles Elliott



MANN WITH HERMANN HESSE (1932)
A passport to German culture.

cide ran in the family—both Mann's sisters killed themselves—but the father acknowledged a share of guilt for Klaus. "My very existence cast a shadow on him," he wrote Hermann Hesse. But still he carped; Klaus' novel *Vulkan*, he continued, was "very good aside from the parts he could have done better."

No one reads Mann much today. Kafka, the German-language writer whose territory was limited to the psychic interior, turned out to be the one who spoke most eloquently to the times. But Mann wrote powerfully and fastidiously about the life of the mind, of conscience and perception. He took on transcendent themes—from the Bible in the *Joseph* series to the nature of creativity in *Dr. Faustus*—and a future era will no doubt turn to him again.

Meanwhile, these letters serve as a special kind of passport to German culture: garlands of *Bibis* and *Babuschkins*, *Piffis* and *Piffis* and other Teutonic terms of endearment, passages on Wag-



ALAMOANA

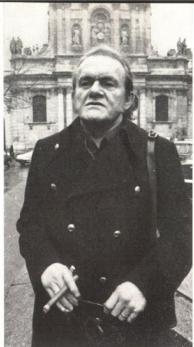
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JAMES JONES IN SORBONNE QUADRANGLE Wrestling with a foreign tongue.

Judgment of Paris

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY by James Jones. 361 pages. Delacorte. \$7.95.

By choice and dedication, James Jones is a peculiarly American American novelist. His method is old-fashioned, gulp-and-sob realism. His characters—most frequently, of late, the American newly rich who took the cash and let the culture go—are presented pretty much in their own words. The result often brings to mind Nancy Mitford's unkind remark that citizens of the U.S. speak English as if wrestling with a foreign tongue. That confronts the thoughtful pro-Jones reader with a dilemma. If Jones takes these clichés seriously, can he be any smarter than the people he writes about? If he doesn't, can he—pure commerce aside—be taken seriously at all?

Well, he can and he can't—for reasons discernible in his new Book-of-the-Month Club novel set in Paris during the May 1968 student revolution. Initially, there is much to put one off: the usual repetitiousness; those sentences that go clunk in the night; perceptions about humanity better suited to a book called *The Merry Month of Jeune*.

The book is stuffed with middle-aged, rich-living, highly sexed Americans in Paris, including Harry Gallagher, a 49-year-old liberal film writer who lives (like Jones) on the Ile St.-Louis in a fabulous apartment decked out with weapons and books, skis and aqualungs, plus a church pulpit for a bar. The generation gap conveniently yawns between Gallagher and his son Hill, a 19-year-old Sorbonne student anarchist. Paris has no real race problem, but Jones has kept in touch with the folks back home. He introduces a beautiful, chocolate-bar-chomping black female teen-



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age destroyer of white domestic bliss whose tastes run to trilingual sex. ("She isn't immoral," one character reflects, adding, with the air of discovering a new word, "she's *amoral*.")

Harry is "a winner," tall and wildly attractive to young women. "Entering the bottom edge of middle age," Jones writes, "he could relax a little and look back without anger." With his wife Louisa he gives regular Sunday suppers for the American colony (as does Jones), and his apartment becomes a kind of command post from which expatriates uneasily sally forth to see the carnage between the kids and De Gaulle's cops. On Jones' track record one might expect Harry to be hero-protagonist. Instead, the book produces Jonathan James Hartley III, a creaky, equivocal observer-narrator who could easily have been borrowed (in intent if not execution) from Henry James or Glenway Wescott.

"A failed poet, a failed novelist, and a drop-out husband," Hartley has a mistress but he remarks with a straight face that female bodies interest him "less than female minds." Like many Jones characters he suffers from acute typecasting. As narrator, moreover, Hartley can be tiresomely chatty when extolling food or explaining that a beer at the Brasserie Lipp is called *un sérieux*. But what weary reader will not thank him for such mercifully brief love-making moments as this: "I suppose we did just about everything that two people do together?"

Hartley grows on the reader somewhat, as the revolution and the Gallagher family come simultaneously unstuck. Under personal stress, Harry Gallagher becomes a less and less likable sexual chauvinist. Ambiguous, personally and artistically flawed, Hartley nevertheless comes on as a low-key cipher to Jones' inner misgivings about the destruction wrought by guilt, unbridled lust and sheer *machismo*.

Among the victims is Harry's wife Louisa, Jones turns her into a near vegetable as the result of an attempted suicide. Such retribution might have been taken as a sign of the author's seriousness when happy endings were still in fashion. Today literary death seems more like escapism (as in *Love Story*). Letting the lady live on in some domesticity or other would have been a truer and crueler fate.

■ Timothy Foote

Before Mrs. Vhd Vhd

THE WATCHER AND OTHER STORIES by Italo Calvino. Translated by William Weaver, Archibald Colquhoun. 181 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$5.95.

The Italo Calvino introduced to American readers in 1968 wore the mask of a metaphysical clown. *Cosmicomics* was rare science fiction—half Borges, half Groucho Marx—impishly mythologizing how the universe began. Inventing a cartoon-like character named Qfwfq and a supporting cast

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headed by a galaxy-Eve, Mrs. Vhd Vhd, Calvino winged it with superb airiness —a Peter Pan for the space age.

In the three novellas comprising *The Watcher*, all of which predate *Cosmicomics*, Peter Pan is grounded. This earlier Calvino may not have been quite ready for a tragic mask, but his wink is closer to a tic and his grin is spastic. The title story unwinds like an old Vittorio De Sica film in slow motion. A member of the Communist Party, Amerigo Ormea is assigned to be an election watcher at the Cottolengo Hospital for Incurables in Turin. As Amerigo officially keeps the morons and vegetable cases from being recorded as Christian Democrat votes, Calvino demonstrates ironically that the Catholic Church and the Communist Party may have more in common than either thinks—an "anonymous, administrative grayness" that can crush the spirit and leave a man as maimed as the patients.

"Smog," the second story, spreads another sort of gray symbolically over all Italian life. The narrator is the editor of an anti-smog magazine called *Purification*, financed by an industrialist who is one of the guiltiest smog makers. Nothing might appear more hopeless than the quandary of an Italian couple in "The Argentine Ant," whose baby is overrun by marching ants, against whom all antidotes fail. But the minor characters of this crawly little fable —like Captain Brauni with his Rube Goldberg ant traps—have a jaunty energy that enables them to survive not only their plague but the plague of their author: dark moralizing. It is as if Calvino's people, exuberant for absolutely no good reason, are on their way to liberating him from the cursed logic of his pessimism. Stand by, Qfwfq—and you too, Mrs. Vhd Vhd, wherever you are.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (2 last week)
2. QB VII, Uris (1)
3. Islands in the Stream, Hemingway (3)
4. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (4)
5. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (6)
6. Knots, Laing (8)
7. Caravan to Vacarres, MacLean (5)
8. Fourth Street East, Weidman
9. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (7)
10. The Child from the Sea, Goudge

NONFICTION

1. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
2. Future Shock, Toffler (3)
3. Civilisation, Clark (5)
4. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (2)
5. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (4)
6. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (7)
7. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (6)
8. The Making of a Surgeon, Nolen (8)
9. Crime in America, Clark
10. The Rising Sun, Toland (10)

Today, modern medicine has learned how to take care of almost any illness you might get.

Now all you need is someone who'll take care of you.

If you've got heart trouble, you see a cardiac specialist. If it's your lungs, a pulmonary man. Your nerves, a neurologist.



But who do you turn to, to look after your health day in and day out, to help see that your little illnesses don't become big ones?

The family physician, formerly known as the general practitioner or GP.

But today, believe it or not, that kind of doctor is virtually a dying breed. Today only 15% of our practicing physicians are in family practice.

It isn't that today's medical students don't want to go into family practice. On the contrary, many of them do.

Sad to say, their medical education is what turns many of them away from it, toward the other specialties.

Today's med student spends his first two years of med school in the classroom, learning basic medical science. He has almost no contact with patients. Then in his last two years, he works with patients. But they're hospital patients, already sick with a specific illness. So the young doctor begins to get used to treating sick people, with fairly serious illnesses, using complicated and costly hospital equipment.

By the time he's ready to decide what kind of doctor to be, he's already headed away from family practice. He's had no experience caring for people with minor illness, outside a hospital setting. And the people he's studied with, and come to admire the most, are surgeons, neurologists, internists.

What we need to do is change our medical education system so that it doesn't discourage students from going into family practice. After doing basic classroom work, students should have a chance to study, and do their internship and residency, with a family doctor.

They could work with him, in his office in a community, and learn about family practice from someone who understood it and was devoted to it.

Of course, only specially certified doctors would be allowed to teach in that situation. There would have to be strict controls on what

the physician's assistant would be allowed to do.

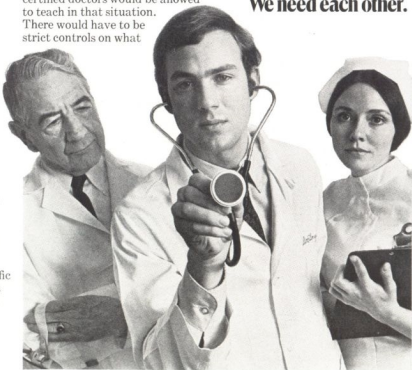
Such a change will bring its own problems, of course. Hospitals will have to learn to get along without some of the interns and residents who work for them now. They'll have to learn to make better use of the talents of the people they already have.

And each of us will have to get used to seeing assistants working side by side with our family doctor. If we have one.

But however difficult it may be to change the system, it'll be well worth it.

After all, once you have a good family doctor looking after you, there's a good chance your heart, lungs, and even your nerves, will be quite able to look after themselves.

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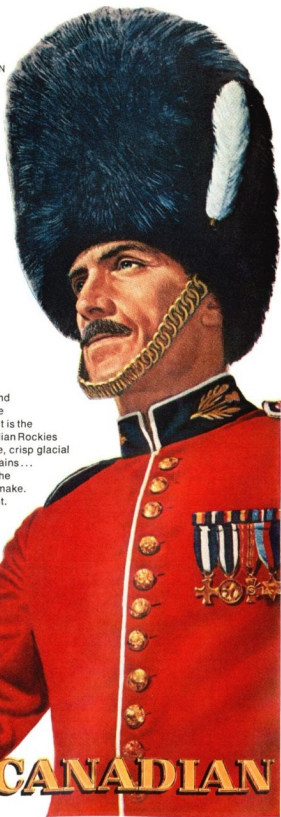


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